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LIVE TO DO GOOD.

BY G. W. B.

Do good to all; but, while thou servest best,
And at the greatest cost, nerve thee to bear,
When thine own heart with anguish is opprest,
The cruel taunt, the cold averted air,
From lips which thou hast taught in hope to pray,
And eyes whose sorrow thou hast wiped away.

Do nought but good; for such the noble strife
Of virtue is, 'gainst wrong to venture love,
And for thy foe devote a brother's life,
Content to wait the recompense above;
Brave for the truth, to fiercest insult meek,
In mercy strong, in vengeance only weak.

A Desperate Deed.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCH WORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER L.

DINNER, long, formal, elegant, was over. The dear, delightful after-hour had come.

In the drawing-room was the drowsy hum of conversation, sounding like the "murmuring of innumerable bees."

The Earl was in capital spirits. He had a gay word for every one. He was full of comical anecdotes, of infectious good-humor.

And to his wife, whenever they chanced to meet, he was remorsefully gentle, most tender and loving.

She was not looking well, he told himself. When the holidays were over he would take her and Iva on the Continent for a few months. The change would do her good.

She wore her favorite gown of rich black velvet. A ruffle of rare old point edged the open corsage. The arms were bare to the shoulders. She had a knot of crimson roses at her breast.

The young, mignonne face betrayed to-night an almost deathly pallor. But very bright were the large gray eyes, and she smiled and talked with a charm, a fervor, which kept a little coterie around her chair.

Now and then Lionel Curzon looked at her in perplexed deliberation.

What had she meant by speaking so to Damyn? She must have been jesting. But no, it had not sounded like a jest. Well, it was none of his business, anyhow.

But he did so wish he could find an opportunity for a few words with Lady Iva! All the evening she had sedulously avoided him.

There was that idiot of a Richardson monopolizing her now. He always had disliked military men! And this fellow had not an idea above the polish of his shoes and the set of his tie about him!

He was working himself into a state of vindictive resentment against the innocent captain, when his liege lady glanced up, chanced to behold his wrathful countenance.

What was he glowering over—her appalling heartlessness? As if she could ever be really unkind to him—the dear boy!

Unaware of her relenting reverie, the dear boy leaned against the piano—a very Apollo in evening dress—moody browed, though, as Hamlet.

He wished Damyn was in Japan. It was hard to have your rival under the same roof as your love. It gave him a decidedly unfair advantage. He had felt so sure of Iva for awhile. Yesterday, when that little episode of the mistletoe had occurred in the library, he had made up his mind to demand an answer of Iva that evening. He felt confident it would be a blessed one for him.

Then the next day—to-day—he could give Sir Geoffrey an answer to his impertinent query as to by whom he was appointed Lady Iva's protector.

He could say, "She has given me the right!"

But, alas, he had adopted last evening a tone his high-spirited sweetheart had not liked, and there was "a little rift within the lute."

And the answer he had promised Sir Geoffrey it had not been in his power to give.

"Mr. Curzon!"

"I beg your pardon!"

He started from his soliloquy, turned to the speaker.

It was Aunt Clara, looking like a communistically-characteredindividual, in her peony-red plush and garnets.

"Just look at Lillian!"

Her tone was ponderous as her personality.

He turned his gaze on the Countess.

She was for the while alone. On a low, velvet divan she sat. Her hands were clasped on her knees. Her head was a little lifted. Her face had a certain weird loveliness. It was very white, save for a single burning spot on either soft cheek. Her lips were like threads of scarlet flame. Black and brilliant her great, sad eyes shone into vacancy.

Curzon gave his companion an interrogative glance.

"Something is wrong there. I believe that child at the lodge died of some contagious disease, and she has taken it from him. You never saw a woman in health and look like that."

"She looks very lovely," Curzon replied, slowly.

"Yes, but it's fever. Unless—it couldn't be——"

She paused.

"Well?"

"It couldn't be the plum-pudding!"

He laughed aloud.

"Oh, no!"

Mrs. Vere looked relieved.

"I didn't think so. It was such a particularly good pudding. And the sauce—did you notice the sauce?"

But his thoughts had taken wing.

(Captain Richardson was leaving Lady Iva.)

"The flavoring was so delicious—exactly enough rose-water."

Even this verbal dig in the ribs passed unheard.

She unfurled her socialistic fan.

"In their sauces here they use such fine brandy——"

(At last Richardson had succeeded in tearing himself away.)

Back to the rosy-cheeked, corkscrew-curled old lady beside him came Curzon's roving glance.

What under the sun had she been talking about? Brandy? Surely she said something about brandy. Who had been indulging?

"Sad, yes—very!" he murmured politely.

"Sir!"

"It is atrociously ungentlemanly for a fellow to so far forget himself!"

"Sir!"

"Eh?"

"You misunderstood me."

"Oh, no," cheerfully. "You were remarking Colonel Harrington gets rid of a good deal of brandy."

"No, sir," emphatically.

"No?"

Innocent were the handsome brown eyes—very innocent the deferential air.

"I said——"

But she was prevented from repeating by the Earl, who just then came up to Curzon and carried him off to see a particularly fine print which they had been speaking of during dinner.

They passed the Countess as they crossed the room, and stopped a moment to chat.

Even the Earl was struck by her peculiar appearance, expression.

"Are you well, dear?"

"Oh, yes."

"Certain?"

She laughed, turning to young Curzon flinging out her little hands with a pretty, deprecating gesture.

"Such a question! Don't I look well? Oh, please flatter me a tiny bit—say I do!"

The Earl's blue eyes looked all the flattery she could ask.

"Too well," promptly. "Fairly, what shall I say—fairly brilliant."

That delicious laugh of hers chimed out softly.

"Thank you! That is very nice indeed. In gratitude I shall not detain you."

And she swept them a graceful, lowly bow and went away from them down the drawing-room, her long train falling behind her, her arms and bosom contrasting marvellously with her sad-hued dress, her face irradiated by a beauty, and excitement almost startling.

In her heart was fear which was almost despair, with one wild possibility shudderingly coming, as shudderingly going.

CHAPTER LI.

IT was open warfare now—war to the knife. And she knew that his—Sir Geoffrey Damyn's powerful argument of fact would blunt and turn aside, as though it were but a child's toy sword, the solitary weapon—denial—which she could rear in her frail woman's hands.

The fact of Marguerite's marriage to Damyn could be very easily proven. Mrs. Stanford could declare the time the girl came to her house, the time she went away to visit a school friend; and the woman who had been their servant in that village on the seashore, could she not explain where those six weeks were passed?—tell, too, how it was to her house the young lady came, one rainy April evening, and under her poor shelter Mrs. Damyn's child was born?

But to prove that she was Marguerite would be a harder task—not such an insurmountable one, though.

That tell-tale scar upon her palm! Was not the servant referred to in the room when the accident occurred? And did not Mrs. Stanford notice it on her return, and insist on balming and healing it?

Then there was Mrs. Martin Simpson. If the proprietress of that small inn was appealed to, she would doubtless recall the locket she had found on the dead lady.

And who would consider it likely that the Countess of Silverdale would allow her sister to wear that portrait upon her heart? Her handwriting, too—Iva had remarked that. She also had seen her meet Reuben in the demesne.

All might be plausibly put aside, all fought down, the whole accusation deliberately lied to death, were it not for that mark—that zig-zag red line—which across her own fair hand seemed to scrawl:

"Defeat!"

Yes, they had all seen it, commiserated and commented on it when she had returned home—her father, her aunt, Lillian—and she had told them some flimsy story of a bottle of perfumery which had broken in her grasp.

But if the question as to identity were agitated, as it undoubtedly would be now, instantly would those who had seen the scar declare it had seared the palm of Marguerite, not Lillian. And then would not Harold remember how she had wailed over baby Willie, last night, and cried out:

"My own child!"

"No—oh, no! the case was quite hopeless." Look where she would, she could see no ray of light, in a few days, at farthest, her reign would be over, her day gone.

There was one way out of it—only one. She grew cold at the mere thought of it.

Little they knew, or even vaguely dreamed—those charming women and noble men who filled her beautiful drawing-room and talked of what an extremely fortunate man the Earl of Silverdale was—little they suspected the shrinking, the cowardice, the tragedy, in her heart.

The cowardice! Ah, no! Courage was master there—but a most reckless most desperate courage.

And minute by minute it grew.

"Little mamma," cried Lady Iva, when they happened to be alone together for a moment, "I never saw you look half so lovely. You are actually bewildering!"

She laughed her own peculiarly-pleasant laugh.

"And Harold said I was brilliant? Don't overwhelm me! I ought to say something polite in return. But you know how you scorn my praise. If I were only a heart-breaking young gallant now——"

And laughingly they parted.

Indeed, Lady Iva, all in pale, clinging, azure silk, her corn gold hair shining, her cheeks just the tint of an apple blossom in spring, her violet eyes laughing and proud and serene by turns, needed no words—so admiring were the glances given her—to tell her how fair she was—what a picture! what a poem!

Only one way out!

How it rang in my lady's ears! It would not be dispelled, silenced.

If she were to employ that means of escape, that solitary chance of security, of freedom from blame, from contempt, from the curse of the man she loved—that sole certainty of concealment——

Oh, she could not!

With all the force of her soul she tried to rout the vile suggestion.

More fiercely on her cheek burned that fervid danger signal. Her great dark eyes streamed light.

She must not let herself think. She must resist the temptation—banish it. If she could not strangle it, it would conquer her. So she chattered on to those around her, spoke of the coming season, of Sardou's latest masterpiece, of the ball given in town by the Austrian envoy, of Hunt's Academy picture.

But never once, of course, of the little dead child at her gates, or the horrible purpose in her heart.

It would not be banished. She drove it away. Again it came.

Some one sang a soaring hysterical Italian song. Through its rippling roulades she heard only the haunting whisper—over and over.

It woke to fresher life after a moment's forgetfulness—it stung like a snake.

One way out!

And then they would never know of that perilous plot of hers, those she loved, her father, Iva—more than all, Harold.

Damyn would be silenced effectually. All would be well.

But could she—dare she?

"You coward," she said savagely to herself, "you must!"

Ten!

It clanged out from the tower. A panic seized her.

He had said he would be home not later than half-past ten. What might he not resolve to say to the Earl to-night?

He was a very determined individual, this outraged husband of hers, for all his languid, easy ways.

There was no time to lose. What was the night doing? She went to one of the win-

down, looked out.

A splendid night for the accomplishment of her plan!—cold and clear, with a boisterous wind, which, now and then, whirled up the snow like spray. And over all, in the steel-dark sky, battalions of stars and a slow-sailing, pallid moon.

Just the one manner of escape—only one. Well, she would take it.

She turned, left the room unobserved, mounted the stairs.

Just then Curzon and the Earl came out of the library. The former noticed the childish, velvet-robed figure running lightly up the wide stairway, but the Earl, interestedly explaining an artistic anachronism, did not see her.

Straight to her bedroom, to her wardrobe, she hurried. She took down a long cloak of Russian sable, flung it over her shoulders, drew the fur hood over her head.

Then with a rapidity of motion, born of the fear of quailing if she allowed herself to consider at all, she passed into her boudoir, to her cabinet, knelt down before it, pressed the spring of the drawer, wherein lay her friend.

Her nervous clutch closed on it—she raised it out. In her bosom she hid it, the heavy, ugly thing.

She shook.

How cold it was—how icily cold—against her warm, pulsing flesh!

He would be on his way back. Haste!

She sprang up.

She drew her wrap tightly around her, went to the French window, which opened on the balcony and stair, passed out and down.

In the white, sharp, drifting night she paused a moment, irresolute.

Which way would he come?

Surely, this!

Five minutes more and she stood under a gigantic, snow-laden oak, half way down the main avenue.

She could see the faraway speck of flame which she knew was the light in the room of the lodge where her baby lay dead.

Leaning a little forward, her fingers grasping the brutal weapon, shivering, freezing, frantic to desperation, the Countess of Silverdale watched and waited.

CHAPTER LII.

ALL THE way to town Sir Geoffrey Damyn found himself repeating the words of the song Lady Iva had sung.

Could he be generous as that? At the eleventh hour give up his fixed and fierce decision?

Confound it no! There must be no shirking now. It was the kind of thing a man of honor was bound to see through!

She had not been false that time in London. It was all the work of that infamous servant of his—the whole miserable affair—he could comprehend it thoroughly at last.

If that were all—if even after that, believing herself an unwedded wife, she had married Lord Silverdale, he would have had for her no word of blame.

But he knew there was some mystery back of the position she held.

It was Lilian Woodville who had become the Countess of Silverdale—heaven knows the papers were full to overflowing with accounts of it—Lilian, that was the name. And Marguerite had been chief bridesmaid. He recollected that, too. He had read every word concerning the marriage—every line he could find about the celebration. But later Marguerite had died, as the papers also duly chronicled. Then why—how was Marguerite here?

That was the question which must be answered.

Deliriously interwoven with the cadence of Moore's sweet song, it beat in his brain as he galloped down the avenue.

As he passed the southern lodge he drew up his horse, bowed his head.

Without doubt it was his son who lay there lifeless—his boy whom he had never known. Her son, too! God of patience, how she must have suffered!

He swung himself off his horse. He opened the gates himself, went through and out upon the highway, then straight towards town.

He could hardly think of Marguerite—the Marguerite he had known—frank, uncalculating, laughterful, developing into such an adventuress.

Adventuress? that was a hard word; but what other could he use?

For Lord Silverdale's wife was his wife there was no doubt of that. And Silverdale had never married her.

Stop!

A possibility occurred to him which made him rein up suddenly.

Could it be that the Earl knew—was a party to the farce?

Immediately the idea was banished.

Impossible! He was too proud a man, too straightforward, too lofty of soul for that!

"Oh what was love made for if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torments, through glory and shame?"

Even to himself he did not attempt to deny his love for her. A new passion had usurped the place of her affection for him. But his was not the nature which barters devotion, which gives so much fondness for so much passion. He had loved her wholly and unreservedly. So he loved her to-night.

And yet he was going to drag her down to worse than loss, worse than loneliness, to shame and degradation.

"Oh, what was love made for if 'tis not the same—"

That ranting old rhyme! He wished he could exorcise it. Such rot!

But it thrilled him through for all that.

The roads were bad. Deep lay the snow. Now and then a pearly shower misted and swirled around him, but resolutely he kept his beast plodding on.

He passed comfortable farmhouses, lowly dwellings. In all were light and merry-making and crackling fires and glad voices.

For it was Christmas night, and

"Rich and poor felt love and blessing
From that gracious season fall,
Joy and plenty in the cottage,
Peace and feasting in the hall,
And the voices of the children
Ringing clear above it all."

And there ahead clustered a hundred points and glints and gleams—the lights of Rothlyn.

He spurred his horse on up the main street. Here he turned off down the lonely half-mile to the depot.

A place of coziness and mirth was the bare little railway station to night. The agent and his family were having quite a jolly time of it.

Indeed

"Many a one that night was merry,
Who had toiled through all the year."

Sir Geoffrey dismounted, and with some difficulty succeeded in tying his horse.

He went into the bare waiting-room. The clerk presented an inquisitive face at the little wooden grating.

Who was the gentleman in the big fur coat and cap, who was stamping and shaking off the snow in so deliberate a fashion?

Damyn looked up; the man recognized him. One of the guests from the Castle!

Instantly he was alert and respectful.

What was he going to do now that he was here? Would his contemplated action be dishonorable? No; he surely had the right to establish his position—to prove why and how his wife lived in Silverdale Castle, ostensibly the bride of another man.

"Oh, what was love made for if 'tis not the same—"

Hang it all! he was sick of the eternal reiteration. Infernally true, though. Was this the way to show one's love for a woman—to madden her with publication of her shame?

"Message, sir?"

"Yes."

He walked to the window, took up a blank form, a pen, wrote his dispatch.

He considered it a minute, tore it up.

The clerk waited patiently.

Then he wrote another, half pushed it under the grating.

"I but know that I love thee whatever thou art."

With a muttered oath, Damyn jerked back the buff colored sheet.

The official stared at him. He took a couple of segars out of his vest-pocket, passed them through the brown bars.

"No, I won't send it. Second thoughts best, you know. Good night!"

He buttoned up his coat, swung around and out of the station.

And the clerk, with a glance and grunt of astonishment, settled down to smoke the best cigar it had ever been his good fortune to obtain.

Back to the town, down the street and off to the road to the Castle galloped Sir Geoffrey Damyn.

He was a fool—a confounded, vacillating fool, he told himself. But for all that, he felt relieved that he had as yet taken no initiative steps.

What a grand night it was, all white and icy, and bracing under the flooding moonlight!

He must think it over calmly—find some less public, less ignominious method of discovering the whole truth.

He was at the lodge-gate now, through riding up the avenue.

Suddenly he jerked his animal back on its haunches.

Who was that standing there, not twenty feet away?

It could not be! And yet——

He was not mistaken. In the bright moonlight every feature was clear out as a cameo.

Yes, by Jupiter!

He dug his spurs in his horse's side. The brute bounded forward. Flinging the rein on his neck Damyn leaped off just before that dark, waiting figure.

He wheeled around.

The two were face to face—for the last time!

CHAPTER LIII.

"GOING—so soon?"

Unaccountably enough she was for for the moment alone. And Lionel Curzon, standing before her, tall and handsome, making his adieux, thought that of all fair women Heaven had fashioned, this proud love of his was the sweetest and the fairest.

She was a trifle tired. She had been persistently gay all the evening, perhaps because there had been a bit of pain tugging at her heartstrings ever since that interview in the breakfast-room last night.

And because of her weariness the pretty, apple-blossom bloom had gone away from her cheek, leaving it, not pallid, but just the soft colorlessness of a white rose.

"Is it soon?"

"I think so," gently.

"It has been a long evening to me," he said, quietly.

"How very flattering.

And she laughed.

But his brown eyes held their sternness.

"I don't try to be complimentary to you. I tell you the truth."

She clasped her slim, milk white hands on her silken lap.

"Ah!" she murmured, "how delightful to have a perfectly candid friend!"

Lionel bit his lip.

Was she laughing at him? The lifted violet eyes were wholly guileless.

"You know why the night seemed long and dreary!" he avowed, significantly.

A faint pink wave swept over her face.

"Long and dreary! How pleasantly you put it! And why," with a swift smile, gracious and radiant as a burst of summer sunshine—"why, if you found it so dull, didn't you come and talk to me?"

So sweet, so questioning, the lovely, upturned face!

The poor fellow was fairly staggered.

"How could I? You had that cad of a Richardson and that idiot of a Christie hanging around you all the evening."

"Cad," musingly, "and idiot! What very remarkable terms!"

Curzon crimsoned.

"Well, a shade strong, perhaps. But you must admit Randolph is about as brainless as they make them!"

"Mr. Christie?" surprisedly.

"Yes."

"I thought you knew him?"

"I do," grimly.

"Oh, no—impossible!" with a great deal of animation. "He is a most entertaining conversationalist."

"Is he?" still more grimly.

Lady Iva flashed him a bewitching smile.

"There! I felt sure you did not know him, or you would have had no doubts of his ability to make hours pass pleasantly."

Lionel lost a little of his well-bred repose of manner.

"You should tell him of your admiration!" he declared.

"Oh, not for the world! Make him vain? Spoil his unconsciousness, his youthful artlessness—how can you suggest anything so dreadful?"

Was she serious?

The rose red mouth was dimpling suspiciously at the corners.

"His simplicity, his sincerity, his childlike ways of looking at things are so refreshing!"

How aggravatingly in earnest she appeared!

"Why, just a short time ago he was telling me how sadly he was situated. My heart quite ached for him."

He retreated in amazement.

"Did you say your heart?"

She nodded.

"Who would have dreamed it?" he queried, slowly.

"What?"

"That you had a heart."

She laughed; but she blushed, too.

"Not had—have."

There was something in his brown eyes now which forced her own shining orbs to droop—something very loyal and very passionate.

"How I wish," he whispered, "you would give it to me!"

A bold speech; but he who never was bold never was wise.

Valiantly, half defiantly, she looked up at him, as, eager and silent, he stood before her.

She was not pale or tired now. Never did June roses boast a more velvety pink than that sweet face of hers.

"Ah, I need it—for awhile!"

He stooped his dark head.

"Only for awhile? Then, Iva," his voice trembling ever so little—"then perhaps you will——"

Softly and gaily she laughed as she rose.

"I will now!"

"Now Iva."

"Why not?" with a pretty, wondering smile. "I assure you I was very sorry for him!"

Lionel clinched his hands.

"For whom?"

"Mr. Christie."

"Oh, hang Mr. Christie.

Hang him—poor Mr. Christie? What a monstrous suggestion! No, indeed, though he confided to me life was hardly worth living, because the ladies made it such a torture to him."

She was smiling undisguisedly now.

"He said it seemed to be his misfortune, for it certainly was not his fault, to inspire affection which he could not return!"

Wrathful and disgusted though he was, Lionel relaxed into a smile.

"He told me," went on Iva, her beautiful eyes sparkling, her cheeks dimpling, her white teeth showing in irresistible enjoyment of the relation—"he told me such had ever been his lot. On beholding evidence of admiration in some susceptible maiden, he ever righteously endeavored to crush, subdue it, at the risk of appearing unkind, but usually in vain. Just now a girl in Kerry and a widow in Dublin bewail his desertion. He laments his fascination; he was born to charm. He is cruel to be compassionate, he infers. And you wonder that I find him entertaining!"

Such a peal of laughter as the two broke into—such a ringing, merry, uncontrollable shout.

It brought a dozen clustering around them.

"Tell us the joke," insisted Randolph, endeavoring to make his refractory, because inexperienced, eyeglass stick. "What is so funny? I'm shuah we would all appreciate it—shuah!"

Again Lionel laughed explosively.

But Lady Iva turned to Mr. Christie with a smile which to him savored of surrender.

"Don't ask me," sweetly. "It won't bear repeating. I don't think really you would care to hear it."

And then these happy, ridiculous young people laughed out heartily and spontaneously once more.

Ten minutes passed. Then Lionel had dragged himself away, and was out in the crisp, cold, moonlit night, and walking rapidly down the avenue.

He stopped to light a cigar. As he did so a horse sped by him.

Riderless? He could hear the stirrups clanking. Anything wrong?

He walk quickly on.

How brightly the moon shone! It made quite a glare on the snow. Every frost-diamond was glittering in the brilliance.

Hark! He stood still.

A shot! Another! Or was it an echo of the first?

Every nerve, every muscle grew tense.

He flung away his cigar, gathered his strength, ran fleetly, just as fast as his strong young legs would carry him down the avenue.

There, in the middle of the drive, what—who was that? That small, trailing robed, fur-cloaked figure?

He checked himself.

What had happened—what horrible tragedy?

He forced himself to go forward.

"Lady Silverdale!" he cried.

Slowly she turned.

Neither spoke.

Ghastly white she was, shaking. Her flashing fingers clutched a still smoking revolver. And over there, just beyond, something long and heavy and dark and motionless lay terribly distinct upon the snow.

CHAPTER LIV.

"LADY SILVERDALE!"

It was with an effort he called out again.

He could see her quite distinctly. Her hood of crimson-lined fur had slipped from her head. The snow around her was not whiter than her face. There was something vaguely terrible in the glittering brilliance of her eyes.

Her answer was a laugh—a shuddering, heart-sick, bitter laugh.

"I failed—I missed, did I not?" she cried.

And suddenly, before he could interpose, move a step, she threw up her right arm, the hand which held the revolver, and flung the weapon fiercely from her. It sped through the bare branched trees, fell in the snow.

Instantly Lionel Curzon recognized the madness of the act.

Search for it now would be in vain; but it assuredly would be found, and if it bore any distinguishing mark—any peculiarity by which its ownership could be traced—a vague startling horror of the suspicion which might arise swept through his brain—staggered him. And her rash, mad speech—if any but he had chanced to hear it!

He sprang forward, caught her hand in his—her pretty, bare, cold, diamond-lit hand.

"Hush!" he cried, authoritatively. "Don't let anyone hear you speak so—ever. You did not miss your aim; look there!"

He dropped her hand, rushed toward the dark form prostrate on the snow.

For an instant she stood statue like, fairly petrified. Then she followed him.

A queer scene, in truth. The magnificent curving avenue; on either side centuried oaks; the dazzling moonlight on the dazzling snow; the three figures, one lying prone. Over him Lionel Curzon bent.

"Good Heaven!" he cried.

There was no doubt, no mistake whatever. The slender, fur-coated figure, the chiseled, blonde-moustached, aristocratic face.

He swung around to the Countess.

"It is Damyn—Sir Geoffrey Damyn! And he is dead!"

She did not stir nor speak.

Lionel was dumfounded. Then he remembered.

Why should she pretend amazement, dismay, when her only fear had been she had missed her aim.

He turned from her, dropped on his knees. He pulled open the great coat, laid his ear upon the heart of the corpse.

No sign of life, no faintest throb or beat rewarded him.

He rose slowly.

His hands felt strangely warm and damp. He glanced at them. They were crimson, dripping. Hastily he rubbed them in his handkerchief.

"Come, your ladyship!"

He offered her his arm. Mechanically she laid her fingers upon it.

They turned—leaving that black and quiet thing on the snow—walked together up the avenue.

She seemed in a sort of trance. She was neither disturbed nor excited.

An indifference stupid and profound, an actual torpor, had succeeded her passionate perturbation.

But her companion was thrilling fiercely with repulsion—condemnation. The discovery had shocked him unutterably.

Damyn dead! Damyn, who had been his rival, with whom he had quarrelled yesterday, to whom he had promised a reply to-day. And now he was dead—murdered!

By whom? Of that he would not—must not—think. What had driven her to such a desperate deed? he wondered.

He recalled the scene in the library at Mrs. Trendworth's a few nights ago. The Countess lying unconscious on the lounge, Sir Geoffrey bending over her, his eyes, with a great horror in them, fixed full upon her scarred palm! What recollection, what recognition had he read there?

Before them rose the lighted windows of the castle. As with one accord, they paused. She slipped her hand from his sleeve.

Without a word or look she sped from him along the terrace, and up a little spidery iron staircase which led to the southern wing.

With a bewildered face, Curzon looked after her.

What was he to do? Had he, on his way home, come upon the body—merely that—he would immediately have raised an alarm. But to discover the murdered man, and with him—or at least near him—the Countess of Silverdale, smoking revolver in hand—ah, that was a different thing altogether!

To criminate, in the slightest way implicate her, was out of the question. There could be no doubt of her guilt—none whatever. That was no reason, though, he should put blood-hounds on her track.

What was the secret existing between her and Damyn? With what threat had he been terrifying her, this afternoon, when she had cried out so passionately:

"If you do, I will kill you!"

Oh, he could not solve the mystery, if mystery there was at the back of it. And he must not leave the poor fellow, who, so strong and bright and healthy, had left them a few hours ago, stiffening there in the snow.

How it did drift and swirl—the snow.

In little gusts and eddies the wind swept it up around him.

A man came tearing around the house. He slackened his rapid pace as he beheld the young fellow standing stock still in the moon-light.

"Bless my soul, sir!" breathlessly, and touching his hat as he spoke. "We got a scare just now, me and Tom, when Sunset came a-gallopin' in. Did he act vicious, Sir Geoffrey?"

Lionel turned—confronted him.

The groom fell back.

"Mr. Curzon!"

"Yes. Sir Geoffrey lies half-way down the avenue—dead!"

"Dead, sir!"

The man leaped forward.

"Then he was thrown arter all?"

"Go and get some of the servants together, and some sort of a stretcher," he commanded without answering the question.

He hurried forward, and up the ermine-covered steps.

He lifted the heavy knocker, sent his summons resounding through the Castle. A footman opened the door.

"I must see the Earl here—at once!" Lionel cried, pushing by him. "I—"

He stopped short.

For here was Lord Silverdale himself—all the others too, for the matter of that. Not all. He could not see the Countess. But the vast hall was filled with gay, laughing courtly people, in the magpie solemnity of masculine full dress, and the lustrous sheen of feminine attire.

"Just back in time, dear boy! Glad you changed your mind. We are all going down to the servants' hall. They have their dance to-night, you know. Come along!"

How unconscious he was—they were! Where was she? Where was the Countess?

Of the many present, only one read disaster in his face. Lady Iva alone noticed how its splendid dark beauty had blanched; how full of hesitation—where his bold, brown eyes.

Swiftly, straightly, she passed through them all. So direct her movement speech ceased.

Half curiously the others looked after her. She went straight up to where her lover stood, lifted her clear, brave eyes to his.

"What is wrong? Something has happened—what?"

Upon the thoughtless throng a prescient silence fell.

"Eh? What's that?" cried the Earl, joining them. "Anything out of the way, Curzon?"

Every eyes was fixed on him.

"Yes. Sir Geoffrey Damyn is dead!"

"Dead!"

The murmur like the rustling of dry leaves went through the hall as they incredulously repeated the word.

Dead! Why, he had been with them such a short time ago, strong and well. He had laughed back at them standing in the doorway there, where Lionel stood now. Dead! Oh, it was impossible!

"Oh, look here, Curzon, don't you know!" protested his lordship. "That's a beastly poor joke. You can't——"

And all the time the midnight was gleaming on a staring face; all the time the flurries of snow drifting over, stinging it.

The young fellow strode forward. He lifted his hand with an imperious gesture There was that in his wild glance which carried conviction. He spoke clearly, ringingly:

"I tell you Sir Geoffrey Damyn is dead. He lies out there on the avenue with a bullet in his brain!"

CHAPTER LV.

FOR ONE moment silence, intense, thunder-struck. Then they all broke out talking at once.

Coming suddenly this way, in the midst of their merriment, their Christmas revelry, the news thrilled to the heart the most *blase*, most callous of them.

Commotion reigned; a hundred exclamations of dismay, regret, conjecture, sprang to their lips. They pressed around Lionel for particulars, explanations.

The Earl laid his hand on his shoulder.

"Lionel, my boy, listen to me. Is it suicide?"

He turned impulsively to reply. His lips paled. What was he about to say? murder?

No, he must not be the first to put on foot inquiry which might lead to her.

Lord Silverdale observed his confused silence, his sudden hesitant self-repression.

They all did.

"That I did not wait to determine. There are the servants with a stretcher. Who will come?"

Half a dozen started forward, hastily donning wrappings.

They went out; the great doors clanged behind them. Those remaining did not think of retiring—of even leaving the hall. They clustered together around the blazing hearth, and talked of the tragedy, of the victim, of the possible cause of the affair, of their own astonishment and dismay.

It was awful to consider that in the midst of life they were in death, Aunt Clara assured them, with an originality which was quite refreshing. Such a perfect gentleman! Had he any near relatives living? It was not long since he came into his baronetcy, was it? How oddly he had insisted on going into town this evening, though the Earl had tried to dissuade him. Was it suicide, they wondered, or could it really be anything worse?

And so they chattered on in subdued, well-bred fashion—said how sorry they were, how shocked! And that handsome Mr. Curzon—how pale, how perplexed, really terror-stricken he had looked!

All the time the firelight flickered on their satins and silks, glowed in their velvets, played hide-and-seek in their rare old laces, flashed in their jewels, glittered over their ringed, patrician hands, fluttered their fair faces.

And all the time, too, while they spoke of their pity, their amazement, their nervousness and bewilderment, all the time there was a certain warmth at their hearts, a certain pleasurable pulsation.

They would not have killed him—have had him killed, rather—for the whole world. Neither, for the matter of that, would they have wilfully assassinated a kitten or a mouse.

But the excitement of such a sudden death, whether murder or suicide, was something new, something thrilling.

Did not the Roman women crave some such ferocious stimulus when they turned their thumbs downward on the questioning glance of the gladiator?

Twelve!

Out pealed the measured strokes.

"Where is Lady Iva?"

It was Mrs. Shirley, a bewitching bride, who had propounded the question.

Ah, here she was now, coming down the stairs!

"I went up to tell mamma," she said. "She was lying down, still dressed, but asleep, so I did not like to awaken her."

She did not join the others.

On the lowest step of the staircase she sank wearily. What awful things were always happening! She had just made up her mind it was such a good world, such a bright, cherry, pleasant world! And here, within the last four-and-twenty hours, were two she had known and daily met—dead! yes, dead!

How could they sit there discussing it so zestfully. She felt fairly stunned, chilled.

"Poosh Geoff!" ejaculated a voice beside her. "Doosid unpleasant thing to happen a man—especially on such an extremely nawsty night."

She glanced up at Mr. Randolph Christie. Reddish as to skin, as to hair, as to moustache was that young gentleman, very gorgeous as to attire.

"Death can be hardly considered delightful any night," she answered, coldly.

She wished he would go away. He did not mean to be flippant, of course, but it was not in his nature to be anything else.

Mr. Christie stared at her.

Suddenly he recollected he could not see without his eye-glass, and hastily adjusted that convenient article. It seemed to prove an aid to his obtuse perception if not to his sight, for quite startlingly and comprehensively he laughed out.

"Yes—aw, of coahs! Quite so. Now I wondah if it was hea't disease? I do, don't you know?"

She did not answer.

Randolph struck an attitude and stroked his moustache with a tenderness most commendable, considering its delicacy and extreme youth.

"I knew a case of hea't disease lawst yeah—so sad! A young lady—a chawming young lady—was so awfully ill with it—went eve'whesh for relief—caused by disappointment of some sawt—some secret sorrow, you know. We had been good friends—no moah—at least my interest was—aw—meahly cousinly. I had never said a syllable, I assuah you, which could have led her to think that my affections were—aw—bestowed upon her. So-h I went away—the only thing left a fellah of honah to do, don't you know—"

"She died, of course?" quietly put in Lady Iva.

"Aw—no."

"No?" amazedly.

"No. You see she felt so—so piqued, you know, she married the fi'hst man who—"

"The first man, after all. And Love was her physician! They were happy ever after, I suppose. How charmingly your little idyl ends!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

QUILLS.—Quill toothpicks come from France. The largest factory in the word is near Paris, where there is an annual product of twenty million quills. The factory was started to make quill pens, but, when these went out of general use, it was converted into a toothpick mill.

THE COLDEST PLACE.—The coldest region in the United States is stated to be the stretch of country on the northern border from the Minnesota lakes to the western line of Dakota. At Pembina, which lies near the forty-ninth parallel, the lowest temperature recorded in the great storm of the winter of 1873 was fifty-six degrees below zero. This is believed to be the lowest temperature that is reached in the United States.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—Women's rights are sometimes imagined to be acknowledged only in Christian countries. Uganda, in Central Africa, is certainly an exception to the rule, if it is a rule. Here is a passage in proof from Mr. Ashe's new book on that country—"Sometimes women hoeing near the roadside will capture a passer-by, and, on pain of a severe castigation or of robbing him, will make him take a turn while they have a smoke."

FLOWERS IN JAPAN.—The enjoyment of beautiful flowers is common to all the inhabitants of Japan. Even the humble laborer is a customer at the gardens where flowers are kept for sale. In view of this, flower markets, are often held on summer evenings, lighted with torches of pitch and many colored lanterns. They attract the poorer classes especially, and afford them an opportunity to gain a flowering sprig of the most popular plants which bloom at this time.

THE SHOEMAKER'S LOGIC.—An old French shoemaker, who boasted that nothing could frighten him, was put to the test by two young men. One of them pretended to be dead, and the other, going to the shoemaker, induced him to sit up with the supposed corpse. The shoemaker was in a hurry for some work, so he took his tools and leather and began working beside the corpse. About one o'clock, coffee having exhilarated him, he commenced singing a lively tune, keeping time with his hammer. Suddenly the corpse arose, and exclaimed, in a hollow voice: "When a man is in the presence of death he should not sing!" The shoemaker started, then suddenly dealt the corpse a blow on the head, exclaiming, at the same time: "When a man is dead he should not speak." It was the last time they tried to scare the shoemaker.

HUNTING THE WRENS.—Few southern Irish customs have been more strictly preserved than that of the Wren Boys on St. Stephen's Day, December 26th. It has descended from generation to generation, and the following old fable of the eagle and the wren gives the origin of the latter's supremacy:—"When the birds wanted to elect a king they held a consultation, when it was resolved that all the birds of the air should assemble together, and whichever one could fly the highest he should be made king. Now, when the wren had heard this, his heart grew sad within him, for he was ambitious, and he wished much to be king; but he knew he could not fly for any distance without getting tired. At last he hit upon a plan. Just as the eagle spread his wings to try his strength against the other birds, up hopped the little wren on his back, and was borne upwards by him. Presently the eagle got tired and could fly no further, and seeing all the other birds far below him, he cried out exultantly, 'I am king of all the birds!' 'Indeed you're not,' chirped the knowing little wren, as, emerging from his hiding place, he flew above the eagle." And thus it came to pass that the wren was proclaimed "king of all birds."

Repentance is second innocence.

ANGRY WORDS.

BY S. F. J.

Angry words! oh, let them never
From the tongue unbridled slip.
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them, ere they soil the lip!

Love is much too pure and holy,
Friendship is too sacred far,
For a moment's reckless folly
Thus to desolate and mar.

Angry words are lightly spoken;
Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirred;
Brightest links of life are broken
By a single angry word.

LORD AND LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

DEAD!

In the first moment of the discovery the sensation of horror seemed to turn Guildford Berton to stone, and as he knelt, leaning, shrinking as far back as he could from the still body, it almost looked as if the hand of Death had touched him too.

The silence was terrible; the very dimness of the room, in which the only light was that of the murky lantern, lent an additional terror to the moment.

He had not intended to murder her! he told himself so over and over again in those first dreadful minutes. He had intended stupefying her only, and so preventing her leaving the house until he had hit upon some plan for stopping her from carrying out her threat of denouncing him.

At college he had dabbled in chemistry, and the science, especially in its relations to subtle poisons, had a strange fascination for him.

He loved power, and to possess a drug, the very effluvia of which should be sufficient to overpower an adversary had a strange weird charm for him. He was proud of the discovery of the drug which could do its horrible work so swiftly, silently and surely.

He had not meant to kill her, and now she lay dead at his feet!

Gradually the benumbed feeling passed away, and he began to shake in every limb, and a terrible craving to look at her face possessed him.

Crawling on his hands and knees he lifted her head—shuddering as his hands touched her—and looked at her.

Her face—the face which he had once thought so pretty, which he had once, and so short a time ago, almost persuaded himself that he loved—seemed to look up at him reproachfully. It was so white with the whiteness of death, but so placid, so peaceful that it might have been the face of a person asleep.

With a cry that was scarcely a cry so much as a wail, he put the head down and staggered to his feet.

No man is born bad, no man is wholly wicked. At that awful moment Guildford Berton would have relinquished all his ambitions, if by so doing he could bring Becca back to life again.

He threw himself into a chair and flinging his arms out upon the table, let his head fall upon them, and surrendered himself to the demon of Remorse. Remorse not penitence, which is a very different thing.

Presently the dead, heavy silence began to weigh upon him like a heavy weight; a ghastly desire to leap to his feet and break the stillness with a yell assailed him; and feeling that his reason was going, he staggered clumsily to the decanter, and lifting it to his lips with his shaking hands, drained it to the last drop.

The wine steadied him a little, and he tried to think. For some time his brain spun round to the sickening tune of "She's dead, she's dead!" but presently his mind grew clearer.

How long she had been lying there he did not know—it seemed hours to him; but he knew that the daylight would be peering through the holes in the window shutters directly, and that the old woman who waited upon him would be coming down.

Fear lent him a fictitious strength and calmness.

The deed was done beyond all undoing, and if he did not want to be caught like a rat in a trap he must get rid of the body.

He got to the further end of the room, as far away from it as possible, and clasping his forehead, which was cold as ice, with his hands that burnt with fever heat, he tried to think.

What should he do? For one moment a wild idea occurred to him of sounding an alarm, and accounting for the presence of the dead girl by saying that she had fallen down in a fit. But the strange odor still clung about the room, and even the village doctor would be possessed of sufficient knowledge to contradict such an assertion.

He tried to recall all the stories he had read of men who had been placed in a similarly dreadful position, but he could think of no case parallel with his own.

At last he seized the lantern, and carefully avoiding the still form, he went out of the house by the back way, and crossed the garden. He felt better, more composed, in the open air and away from the silent reproach of his dread handiwork, and he could think.

At the end of the garden was a heap of leaves which had been swept up in the preceding autumn, and allowed to remain. He got a spade from the toolhouse, and screening the lantern behind some bushes, he carefully scraped the leaves aside and began to dig.

And all the while he was at work—and he worked with the furious frenzy of a man digging for gold—he planned out his precautions against detection. All sorts of possibilities tortured him, and turned the sweat that rolled down his face into drops of ice.

Someone might have seen her standing outside the gate, and when she was missed that someone would come forward with the clue. She might have told someone where she was going; she had been talking, evidently confidentially, with Cyril Burne, and might have told him.

Her footsteps might be tracked in the dusty road. These and a hundred other suggestions tortured him, and drove him almost mad; so that when his task was done he staggered out on to the brink of the grave and shook like a man in a palsy.

Then he went back to the house—slowly as if every step were leading him to his own grave.

In an incredibly short time he had accomplished his dread task, and he stood once again in the silent room, with something clenched in the palm of his hand.

It was Cyril's ring, which he had taken from Becca's finger.

He held it so tightly that its pressure hurt him and reminded him that he was holding it. He opened his hand as if the ring had turned to an asp and stung him, and let it fall upon the table.

And there he stood and stared at it, at first dully and vacantly, but presently with a more conscious gaze.

He had hidden his victim from mortal eyes, but more, much more was required of him.

In a few hours Becca would be missed and inquiries would be made. The first question that would be asked would be: With whom was she seen last?

He covered his eyes with his hands and thought keenly, acutely.

Could he not invent some story based upon facts which would account for her absence?

If anyone had seen her standing at the gate he was lost. But he remembered that as he stood talking to her with the key in his hand, he had looked up and down the lane and had seen no one. The lane led directly to no other house than the cottage; it was unlikely that anyone should have been passing.

The persons who were out were making the best of their way to the village. It was unlikely, too, that she should have told anyone of her intended visit to him and its purport. If she had told Cyril Burne, for instance, she would have been almost sure to tell him, Guildford Berton, that she had done so.

Probably no one had seen her after she left the park. In that case almost the last person with whom she would have been seen was Cyril Burne himself.

If he could—his dark eyes began to flash—if he could only contrive to saddle Cyril Burne with the murder!

But an instant's reflection showed him the futility of the idea. Cyril Burne would be traced and be able to clear himself, and—— Suddenly the idea he had been searching for flashed upon him.

Why should the murder be discovered? Why should she not have disappeared? Why should she not have gone off with Cyril Burne himself?

The blood rose to his face and he raised his head and drew a long breath.

As a child puts into its place a picture puzzle, his acute brain set to work at once at fitting the incidents of the night into a consecutive shape to correspond with his hypothesis.

He took Cyril's letter from his pocket, and spreading it out on the table pored over it word for word.

He would be absent for months; he had gone without a word—other than this letter—of explanation with Norah. They were virtually separated, with this letter—while he held it!—as the only link between them.

Let Norah be convinced that Becca had flown with Cyril Burne, and the separation would be complete.

She would be too proud to write to Cyril for an explanation, and he, Guildford Berton, must by hook or by crook intercept any letter from Cyril to her.

The mental exertion served to dispel something of the horror that possessed him. He was fighting now, not only for Norah and the Arrowdale wealth, but for his own life. He must guard every look, every look every word of his own, must watch and weigh every look, every word of others. Was he equal to the task, or should he seek safety in flight?

As he asked himself the question, the next one, "Where should he fly?" arose to answer the first.

There was no place now where a murderer would be be beyond the reach of the dread arm of the law.

No, he must remain and fight the battle to the end. If he could divert suspicion for two months, much might happen to render discovery impossible. In two months he might even succeed in winning Norah. In two months Cyril himself might be dead. He shuddered as he remembered how the longing to kill Cyril had come over him the last time Cyril was in the cottage. Was he a homicide by instinct?

The hours crept by as he sat in the silent room in the tomb-like house, scheming and plotting; and at last, unable to think any longer, he took the lantern and went upstairs to his bedroom.

The room was at the back of the house, and instinctively he walked to the window and peered down into the garden.

How long he looked at the heap of leaves which hid its awful secret he did not know, but presently he felt the room spin round, and staggering, he fell full length across the bed.

CHAPTER XXVI.

NORAH woke with a bad headache and a worse heartache; and, as is the way with women, she began to make excuses for the lover whom she had treated so coldly the night before.

There may have been some reason for his long absence and silence. She had treated him so coldly that it was little wonder he had avoided her; and as to the scene between him and Becca—well, Norah found it impossible to explain that away, but as Lady Ferndale's maid brushed the long red-gold tresses, Norah tried to find some excuse even for what she had seen pass between Becca and Cyril.

Becca she know was a flirt, and the love-making, if love-making it was, must have been altogether on her side.

In short, her love, strong and passionate, overcame her jealousy and resentment as all the true love must, and by the time the breakfast bell rang she had gone a long way to forgiving Cyril and was simply longing to see or hear from him.

The house was full of visitors, and their talking and laughing seemed to fill the place.

"My dear," said Lady Ferndale, as she put her arm round Norah and kissed her affectionately, "no need to ask how you are. You look as bright and fresh as one of the roses. Are you quite rested? Come and sit near me."

Exchanging salutations, Norah went to her place, and amidst the chatter and laughter of the young people breakfast commenced.

Norah looked towards Lord Ferndale's place to see if there was any letter beside his plate, thinking, hoping, that Cyril might have sent her a line, but Lord Ferndale did not hand her a letter, and her spirits began to droop, notwithstanding that she assured herself that Cyril would be certain to call early in the morning.

But the morning passed and no letter and no Cyril appeared, and she became devoured by an anxious longing to reach home. It was just possible that he had written to the Court, she thought.

The young people had broken up into groups, some to play tennis and others to ride or drive, and Lady Ferndale pressed Norah to join one of them, and was filled with dismay when she declared that she must go back to the Court before luncheon.

"But why should you go so soon, dear?" she remonstrated. "Stay with us for a day or two; I'm sure Lord Arrowdale will not mind."

Norah declined; and Lady Ferndale, seeing that there was some reason for her persistence, at last yielded and ordered the carriage, and Norah started.

"Good bye, dear," said Lady Ferndale. "I don't know what your host of admirers will say when they call this afternoon and find you have flown. What shall I say to them? Oh, by the way, Norah, we have decided to ask Mr. Cyril Burne to paint a picture for us. I wonder whether he will call to day."

It was an innocent remark, but Norah had hard work to keep the color from coming into her face, and it was lucky for her that the carriage started as she murmured in a half audible response; and all the wah home she tormented herself with the thought that after all, perhaps, she had better have remained at Ferndale, as Cyril might call in the afternoon.

When she reached home her first question was whether any letters had come for her.

There were no letters for her ladyship, the butler replied, and Norah was going up to her room with a deeper sinking of the heart when the earl came out of the library.

"Well Norah," he said, making her a little bow, "you have got back. I am afraid you have tired yourself with your exertions," he added, as he noted her paleness and lassitude. "It must have been a terribly trying day. The few hours I was there exhausted me."

"I think I am a little tired, papa," she said.

He looked at her with something almost like pride in his eyes, for the popularity and the admiration she had received, had flattered his vanity.

"You had better go and lie down for a few hours," he said in a more kindly tone than usual. "I will send you a glass of wine."

Norah was in the condition to be moved by any show of tenderness, especially from him, and her eyes filled with tears as she went up the stairs.

While she was taking off her outdoor things Harman entered, and in her quiet way came to her assistance.

Norah did not notice that Harman had not spoken to her as she entered, or that she was more silent even than usual, and happening to glance at her, she was startled by the expression of the woman's face. She looked as if she were in some trouble, and had been crying, and Norah turned to her with ready sympathy.

"What is the matter, Harman?" she asked.

The woman's face quivered and she dropped her eyes, but she replied in a low voice—

"Nothing, my lady."

Norah did not like to seem obtrusive, and she waited until Norah was on the point of leaving the room before she spoke again.

"I'm afraid you have one of your bad headaches," she said. "Never mind about my things," for Harman had some dresses on her arm. "Go and lie down in your own room, and if I want anyone, I will send for Becca."

The name left her lips reluctantly, and her color rose as she pronounced it; for ever since last night she had been regretting the impulse which led her to have anything to do with the girl.

"Becca, my lady——" began Harman, and Norah saw that she turned even paler than before, and had some difficulty in repressing her tears. "Becca is not here this morning, my lady."

"Not here?" said Norah coldly; "I suppose she is tired after last night's gaiety. It does not matter, I shall not want her; and please do not send for her.

"No, my lady," said Harman almost inaudibly; then she seemed to linger and hesitate, and at last she said tremulously, 'Your ladyship hasn't heard then?"

"Heard what?" asked Norah, turning and looking at her with a sudden dread of, she knew not what.

"I—I beg your ladyship's pardon; I thought perhaps you had heard."

"I have heard nothing," said Norah, the indefinable dread growing more distinct. "Is it anything about Becca, Harman?"

"Yes, my lady; Becca is lost."

Norah stared at her in silent astonishment for a second or two; then she echoed the words in amazement.

"Becca lost! What do you mean, Harman?"

"I—I beg your ladyship's pardon for troubling you," said poor Harman humbly. "I shouldn't have mentioned it just yet a while if—if your ladyship hadn't spoken about her; but Becca has disappeared, my lady."

With the dread weighing heavily upon

her, Norah leaned forward in the chair and fixed her eyes anxiously upon the woman.

"Do you mean to say that Becca is not to be found?"

"Yes, my lady," assented Harman, with the tears beginning to roll down her pale cheeks. "She is not in the Court, and she is not at home with her grandfather, and I have sent to look for her all over the village; but she cannot be found."

"Oh, but," said Norah encouragingly, "you should not worry yourself needlessly, Harman. Perhaps she stayed with some friends at Ferndale?"

Harman shook her head despondingly.

"There isn't anyone in Ferndale she knows well enough to stay with, my lady," she said; "and if she had slept the night at Ferndale; she would have been sure to come home early this morning."

"Then what has become of her?" said Norah.

Harman wiped her eyes.

"I can't think, my lady," she said anxiously. "Becca is giddy and flighty, but I don't think she'd stay out all night away from her grandfather unless——"

"Unless what, Harman?" asked Norah, as the woman hesitated.

"Unless she'd been forced to, my lady," said Harman in a low voice.

Norah sat and thought with knit brows. All night Becca had haunted her, and she had dreaded to meet her and to speak to her, and now the girl had disappeared!

"You have made all inquiries, I suppose?" she said, for the sake of saying something.

"Yes, my lady. I've sent all over the village. But there's nowhere she could hide away from me in the village, or for the matter of that, in Ferndale. Becca's too well known."

Norah rose with a sigh. Much as she would have preferred to remain at home on the chance of Cyril's writing or calling; she felt it her duty to help Harman in her trouble.

"Order the pony phaeton, please," she said. "You and I will drive round and see if we can find her; and don't be more worried than you can help. Depend upon it, she is not far off. I expect we shall find her home by the time we get there."

Harman gave her mistress a look of gratitude and went, and Norah, reflecting on the irony of Fate, which compelled her to search for the girl who had caused her so much pain, put on her hat and jacket.

In a few minutes Harman returned dressed in her modest black cloak and bonnet, and Norah and she drove off.

"Where shall we go first? To her grandfather's cottage, I suppose?" said Norah. "You will see we shall find her there," she added encouragingly.

They reached the cottage, and Harman got out of the phaeton. She was away scarcely two minutes, and returned shaking her head.

"She's not come home, my lady," she said in a low voice.

Norah did not know what to do next, and as she sat holding the restless ponies, perplexed and undecided, Guildford Berton turned the corner of the lane in front of them and came towards them.

He was coming along with his eyes downcast as usual, and did not see them until he was almost close upon the ponies; then he started slightly and looked up, and Norah noticed that he looked rather paler than usual, and haggard; but his face cleared and lightened as he recognized her and he came up with a smile as he raised his hat.

"Good morning, Lady Norah," he said brightly. "I am so glad to see you out; I was afraid you would be quite exhausted. What a lovely morning!" and he nodded smilingly to Harman, who dropped a curtsey. "I rode over to Ferndale this morning," he said, "to ask after you. I do hope your headache has vanished!"

"Thank you, yes," replied Norah gravely, and trying to decide whether she should tell him of their quest; but, as if he had divined her indecision, he said quietly—

"Is anything the matter, Lady Norah?"

Norah forced a smile, but avoided his eyes.

"Well yes," she said. "We are looking for Bebeca South, Mr. Berton."

His eyes did not quail, and not a muscle of his face winced, as, still smiling, he said—

"Not a very difficult search, is it? Your maid is very well known, is she not?"

"Yes," said Norah constrainedly, for she felt that he was thinking of last night, and the scene between Cyril and Becca; "and that makes it difficult. Harman—her aunt—is afraid that she did not return to Santleigh last night."

"No!" he responded raising his brows.

"But there is nothing very alarming in that, is there, Mrs. Harman? She may have stayed at Ferndale."

"Oh, we have thought of that," said Norah, almost impatiently. Guildford Berton's presence made the affair still more distasteful to her, and she began to regret that she had not sent Harman alone to make inquiries.

"Of course," he said "forgive me; but the last person on the scene always make suggestions which must have occurred to others at the beginning. When did you see her last, Mrs. Harman?"

"When she started for the fete, sir," replied Harman, almost inaudibly.

"Ah, yes," he murmured, glancing at Norah, who sat looking straight in front of her. "Of course. You were not there yourself, Mrs. Harman? Well, don't look so anxious; I have doubt we shall soon find your niece. Let me see——" He seemed to consider for a moment or two. "Why, yes, of course, the thing to do is to find out the person who saw her last. No doubt someone left the fete and walked home with her,"

He made the suggestion so cheerfully and encouragingly that Harman gave him a grateful look from her anxious eyes.

"I will help you to find her," he said. Then he turned to Norah: "Pray don't trouble about it, Lady Norah. I am sure there is no need for anxiety. I will make some inquiries of the people who were at the fete yesterday. The girl is well known, and I daresay dozens of her friends know where she is,"

Norah inclined her head with a constrained "Thank you," and turned the ponies, but walked them slowly, and he kept by the side with his hand resting on the phaeton.

The village street, usually so sleepy and inert, was alive with groups who looked at the Court carriage, and discussed the one topic of the day: the disappearance of Becca.

They guessed from Harman's accompanying her that Norah was looking for the missing girl, and as they touched their caps and curtseyed one and another expressed their approval.

"Her ladyship's got a tender heart," said one old woman. "She's one o' the first to be after the girl. And there's Mr. Berton, too. I'll be bound he'll find her if anyone can!"

Norah looked at the people with the same half absent, half-troubled expression. The vague indefinable fear or presentiment was weighing upon her more heavily each minute. Suddenly she pulled up the ponies.

"There are some girls—those standing outside the inn—whom I saw at the fete. Will you ask them if they know anything, please?" she said.

Guildford Berton walked to the knot of girls, the phaeton following.

"Can any of you tell Lady Norah where Becca South is?" he asked.

They looked at each other silently and shyly, and shook their heads.

"You were at the fete last night," said Norah. "Did none of you see her when you were coming away?"

The girls looked at one of the party and whispered to her, evidently urging her to speak; and she stepped forward with a little curtesy. It was the girl who had wished Becca good-night as Cyril was writing the letter.

"I saw Becca last of anyone, my lady," she said timidly.

Guildford Berton shot a swift glance at her, then looked at the ground with an impassive countenance.

"Yes!" said Nora, gently and encouragingly. "Will you tell us when and where you saw her?"

"It was when I was coming away from the big tent, my lady, Becca was coming away, too. She was standing just a little away from the tent, near the shrubbery."

Norah leant forward eagerly, and Harman sat with clasped hands and an anxious look on her face, but Guildford Berton stood grave and impassively cool.

"She was coming away, coming home?" said Norah. "Why did she not come with you?"

The girl looked down.

"I don't know my lady. I did not think of asking her, but——" She stopped.

"Was she alone?" asked Guildford Berton, and his voice was quietly sympathetic, nothing more.

"No, sir," replied the girl. There was a gentleman with her."

"A gentleman!" he said. "Who was it? Do you know him?" Then he turned with an encouraging smile to Norah. "We shall find her now."

The girl hesitated slightly and looked down at the ground.

"It was Mr. Cyril Burne, my lady," she said.

Norah's hands involuntarily tightened on the reins, and the ponies, taking it as the signal for starting, plunged forward; but she pulled them up instantly, and looked at the girl steadily, though she felt a thrill run through her.

"Are—are you sure?" she asked in a low voice.

"Yes, my lady, quite sure. There was a streak of light where they were, and I saw him quite plainly. Oh, I'm quite sure it was the artist gentleman."

Norah sat with tightly compressed lips looking before her, and there was a moment's silence.

Guildford Berton broke it.

"That does not help us much," he said to her in a low voice. "Mr. Burne may have been helping her with her cloak; he was very attentive to her all evening."

A faint flash of color rose to Norah's face, but she made no response.

"Did no one see her after that?" he asked of the group generally.

The girls shook their heads and murmured.

"No, sir. No, my lady, none of us saw her after that."

"Perhaps we had better ask Mr. Burne?" he said to Norah in the same low voice. "I don't suppose he can give us any information, but we will leave no stone unturned."

Norah inclined her head slightly, and he went up to the inn door. As he did so an elderly man with bushy eyebrows came out. It was Mr. Furlong.

He was filling his pipe and glanced at the group, and then at the phaeton; his eyes rested upon Norah's face with intensity and he stopped the filling of his pipe. Then he touched his hat, half lifting it in London fashion, and, going to a bench outside the inn, sat down and leisurely lit his pipe, and sat smoking, apparently paying little or no attention to what was going on.

Guildford Berton glanced at him half curiously, and was entering the inn door when Mrs. Brown appeared.

She looked flurried and upset, and dropped a succession of curtseys to Norah.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Brown," said Guildford Berton. "Is Mr. Burne in?"

"Mr Burne, sir?" she replied. "Oh, no, sir; he's not here. He haven't been home all night."

Guildford Berton gave a little start, and looked over his shoulder at Norah.

"Not been back to the inn? Is he not staying here?"

"Well, you may say so, sir," she said in a nervous way. "But he's been away—to London, I think—for the last fortnight. He came back all in a hurry, as you say, last evening, and dressed for the ball, and—and—that's the last I've seen of him. Won't you step in, sir, and you, my lady? I'm all in a fluster this morning, what with Becca South going off all of a sudden, and Mr. Cyril not coming back,"

Norah shook her head silently.

"No, thank you, we won't come in, Mrs. Brown," said Guildford Berton. "You expected Mr. Burne to return, then?"

"Why, of course, sir," she replied. "He've only got on his black dancing clothes and all his things is here. I can't make out why he didn't come back; but I thought that he'd stayed at Ferndale perhaps——"

Norah forced herself to speak.

"Mr. Burne did not stay at Ferndale Park," she said, and her voice sounded strangely in her own ears.

"Then where can he have gone, my lady?" continued Mrs. Brown, as if she were laboring under a sense of personal injury. "It's true he's rather a strange gentleman, a-rushing off as you may say, without a word of warning; but he would not go up to London in his dancing things, would he, my lady?"

Norah did not reply, but Guilford Berton nodded.

"Just so, Mrs. Brown; as you say, that is not very likely. But I don't quite see where he could have stayed the night."

"If he stayed at the Inn at Ferndale—but, lor', sir, it's a rough place, and Mr. Cyril wouldn't have thought anything of walking home here. No, he wouldn't have stayed there, and if he had he'd have come back this morning, if only to change his things."

Guildford Berton went up to the phaeton and leant on it.

"It is very—curious," he said thoughtfully, as if he were beginning to get puzzled. "Really, I think Mr. Burne's disappearance as remarkable as Becca South's."

The group had become considerably augmented by this time, and they all listened in eager interest to the proceedings.

"You have not seen Becca South this morning?" asked Guildford Berton of Mrs. Brown, and she seemed quite hurt by the question.

"Lor', no, sir! Beggin' your pardon, I should think I've been asked that at least a hundred times. I didn't see her all yesterday. I don't see her often on the best o' days. The last time I saw her, I think"—she paused a moment—"at least so far as I can remember, was the day Mr. Cyril started for London. She came with a message from him to fetch his watch, as he'd left behind."

At this fresh link of connection between Cyril's movements and Becca, Norah's face flushed, and she bent down to hide it, and arranged the fur wrap at her feet.

"This deserves to be called the Santleigh Mystery," said Guildford Berton with a smile. "Really, I don't know what to do next, unless we inquire at the railway station."

Norah gathered the reins in her hand.

"But pray don't you trouble to do so," he said quickly. "I will get my horse and ride over."

"Harman and I will go," said Norah in a constrained voice.

"Will you let me go with you?" he said. "I may be able to save you a little trouble."

Norah would have liked to say "No," but she could scarcely do so, and at a sign of assent from her he got in and the phaeton drove off.

The group at the inn door commenced chattering instantly like a flock of magpies, and Mrs. Brown gave a start when a rough voice from the bench said—

"What's all the fuss about, mistress?"

Mrs. Brown turned to him, and the crowd listening as intently as if they had never heard the story before, related the double disappearance.

The man Furlong did not seem to take much interest.

"Is that all?" he said half contemptuously when Mrs. Brown stopped breathlessly. "They can't have got far, either of them; England isn't big enough to lose anybody in. Who was that young lady in the pony chaise?" he interrupted after a pause, which the bystanders had filled in with indignant glances at the "farriner."

"That? Why, that was Lady Norah, the earl's daughter," replied Mrs. Brown. "You must be a stranger in these parts not to know that."

"You're right, I am a stranger," retorted Furlong, and he put his legs up on the bench and went on with his pipe as if "the subsequent proceedings interested him no more."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE POWER OF CUSTOM.—That different manners and notions prevail in different parts of the globe is, of course, known to us all. In some parts of the world the lips are brought together in token of love and affection; in others the tips of the noses. In some places to uncover the head is a mark of respect; in others to keep it covered.

Among other nations black clothes are worn as a sign of mourning; among others among others white. In some lands the dead are buried horizontally; in others they are buried upright.

In Western countries people pay their physicians as long as they are ill, but in China and other oriental countries, physicians are paid by their clients so long as the latter enjoy good health.

In Paris certain funds are established for the poor, the yearly produce of which admits but a limited number.

In London a parish is taxed in proportion to the number of its poor, and every person who is pleased to be idle is entitled to a maintenance.

In Paris the poor are always contented with their pittance.

In London they are so insolent that scarcely one of them will condescend to eat brown bread. The latter city has accordingly, a much larger ummber of idle and profligate wretches than the former.

Great is the power of local custom, and if we take any of the principal events of life, such as death and marriage, we find the ceremonies connected with them differing most curiously in different lands, but greater still is the power of fashion, and the human family is rapidly and cheerful-submitting to its tyrannical sway.

Thus we find Oriental peoples eagerly adopting Western habits; for in dress and manners the Chinese, Japanese, Hindoos, and Turks are surely getting European-ised, and to-day the Oriental youth, discarding his national garb, looks upon patent leather boots, tall hats, and frock coats as marks of progress and civilization.

EVENING.

BY C. W. C.

I love to muse at evening's hour,
When Nature sinks to rest;
To feel the Spirit's hallowing power;
To worship, and be blest.

I love to watch the evening sky,
In gorgeous tints arrayed;
And feel my soul mount up on high,
To see God's work displayed.

I love to see the star of eve,
Shedding its radiant light,
Upon a sleeping world beneath,
So beautiful and bright.

I love to meditate on Him,
Who makes the sun to rise;
To see his works spread o'er the green,
Or shining in the skies.

The Valley of Death.

BY FRANK MARRYAT.

THE burning rays of the African sun were irradiating the sluggish waters of the Tonga. Not a cloud was to be seen in the glaring sky, and the overpowering scent of the poisonous tropical plants that lined the banks of the river contributed in no small degree to the nauseating effects of the dry and depressing atmosphere.

The intense heat, which evoked a most unsavory smell from the muddy and slimy deposits of rotten vegetation that were heaped on either side of the water, bore on its shoulders the seeds of those terrible twin scourges, the yellow fever and cholera, which made life on that African station anything but a desirable existence.

As far as the eye could reach, to the point where the dark river took a sudden turn and was lost to view behind the dense foliage, the waters resembled one great sheet of molten glass.

The palms and brilliant caoti were mirrored in its depths, and the reflection of the brig, which had dropped its anchor about a hundred yards from the shore, stood out in bold relief as though it had been in a looking-glass.

But there were living creatures that revelled in the midst of their natural furnace, and could always be found where the mud was heaped highest and the ever-growing decay most offensive.

These were the alligators, who were never so happy as when wallowing in the fould garbage, and dozing off to sleep with their snouts only left open to the attacks of the myriads of stinging insects that swarmed above them.

These deadly waters were the haunts also of great ugly sharks, who lay in wait, armed with formidable rows of sharp merciless fangs, to seize the first unwary victim who chanced to come within their reach.

Under the dark leaves of the trees upon its bank, which afforded such grateful shade and seemed to invite repose, and amidst the rank grass at their roots, lurked venomous snakes, ever ready to dart their forked tongues at the foot that might disturb them, and the thick brushwood and tangled parasites sheltered smooth-footed leopards and fierce jungle cats, whose presence might be detected even in the daytime by occasional low angry snarls.

When night fell, the herds of hippopotami, or river horses, and the rhinoceri, came heavily trampling down every obstacle in their path as they sought the river to get to drink, and woe befall the unhappy native who might be in their way as they crashed through the undergrowth of the forest.

Yet even in this deadly climate and amid such dangerous surroundings, the adventurous Englishman had been found bold enough to set up his habitation.

On the left side of the river a small wharf, rudely constructed by the natives and approached by a steep flight of slippery wooden steps, led up to a bungalow, partly shaded by spreading palms or cocoanut trees, and which could boast of being (if nothing else) the only house which harbored English men (and even white men) for miles and miles around.

For the natives of the valley of the Tonga were the ebony-skinned sons of Africa, whose woolly pates and thick lips clearly betrayed their nationality, and whose treachery and barbarous cruelty stamped them as being the most inhuman and blood-thirsty creatures of the universe.

Many a heartrending tale could the swarthy laborers employed at the station relate of the diabolical tortures they had seen inflicted by these fiends upon their innocent victims, and as not a few of them had undergone the horrors of slavery, they bore the blue weals of the merciless lash on their bronzed shoulders, and looked back with horror to the time of their past servitude.

At the time my story opens, there sat in the central room of the small station, reclining in an easy-chair, with his feet resting on the edge of the mantelpiece, and watching with a sort of sullen indifference, the rings of blue smoke that curled upwards from his havanna, an Englishman called Jack Fairfield.

That his thoughts were not happy was evinced by the sorrowful and downcast expression of a somewhat haggard face for one-and-thirty.

That he had battled against and been driven back by the tide of life was made palpable by the deep lines which were furrowed in the corners of his eyes and mouth.

For whilst Jack Fairfield sat in Africa, his thoughts had travelled back to England, as he had known it years before. They had led him to a cottage standing by itself a few yards from the high road.

There, under the old porch, nestled in a bower of honeysuckles and clematis, he saw once more in fancy the woman he had loved—the woman he had given up everything for—parents, home and money, and expatriated himself to that hateful district, where solitude and reflection made the remembrance of the past almost too terrible to bear.

How well he could recall the image of the sweet-faced, bonny girl who had been ready to swear at the altar to love and obey him, but whose guardians had stepped in between her lover and herself.

They had arranged it all between themselves.

He knew that Alice loved him as he loved her, and they had built up with glad hearts their golden castle in the air, so soon to be pulled down to the very earth again.

Alice's father was at sea, trading with his own vessel, the "Tredegar," and the maiden aunt could give no definite answer to Jack's proposal until he returned.

So the lovers had a month or two in which to build the castle a few stories higher before it was razed to the ground. The downfall came all too soon.

Captain Manley returned from sea, and Jack Fairfield sought an early interview with him.

With a light step and heart he entered his presence—confident of success—and told his love-tale to Alice's father.

But his reception was very different from what had been anticipated. Half-an-hour later he stepped into the hall again with a flushed face and clouded brow, and slamming the door after him, strode across the lawn, never once turning back to look at the house which contained everything he held most dear.

Captain Manley had unconditionally refused him his daughter's hand. He considered her far too young to marry and severely censured the carelessness of his sister in having permitted the intimacy.

And when the "Tredegar" next put to sea, Alice Manley sailed in her.

Meanwhile Jack Fairfield had had but one desire—to leave England and his disappointment behind him. So a fortnight from the unhappy moment he was sailing down the Mersey en route for the Tonga, having accepted the first situation that fell in his way, and leaving no trace as to where he had taken flight.

Two years had passed since then, and though Fairfield and his partner—Rudge Martin—had been very prosperous and accumulated considerable wealth, our hero had never lost his somewhat morose and despondent temper, and had given up all ideas of ever becoming a married man.

He had believed, however, that he had conquered his passion for Alice Manley, for he had never seen nor heard of her since the day he left her father's presence with an oath upon his lips, and silence or separation generally prove effectual cures for disappointed lovers, but at last he was forced to confess to himself that he was mistaken.

For that morning, bounding into the room, notwithstanding the heat, had come the irrepressible Rudge Martin, knocking over a bamboo chair in his anxiety to reach his partner's side.

"What's the matter?" asked Fairfield testily.

"There's an enemy in the camp," cried Rudge.

"Niggers!" exclaimed Fairfield, suddenly rising, for they were obliged to be always on the watch against native treachery.

"No, old fellow, worse than that, a great deal. The enemy is a woman."

"Oh!" returned Fairfield with indifference, as he resumed his seat. "Black or white, eh?"

"White, my boy; white as a lily," exclaimed Rudge. "I've just ferreted her out. She's aboard that brig which is hauling alongside. Surely you will come down and get an introduction."

"What should I want an introduction to her for?" grumbled Fairfield. "I suppose she's the same as any other woman. The skipper's wife, most likely—fat, fair and forty."

"That she isn't," replied his partner; "she's his daughter. I've found out as much, and she's single into the bargain. Won't you come now?"

"No, thank you, Rudge."

"Well, you are a queer fellow," said Rudge in a tone of disappointment. "Why, the very sight of a woman should cheer you up in this beastly hole, instead of which it seems to annoy you. And I'm sure you'd be welcome. I've spoken to Captain Manley, and he seems a jolly sort of old fellow."

"Captain who?" shouted Jack Fairfield, throwing his cigar away.

"Manley, skipper of the 'Tredigar,'" repeated Rudge, little thinking of the importance of his information. "Shall we ask them to dinner?"

Jack stared at him for a few moments as though he had not comprehended the meaning, and then sank back in his seat white as ashes.

"Shall I give Captain and Miss Manley an invitation to dine with us to-day?" repeated Rudge innocently.

"No, no! Certainly not! I'll have no strangers here. I don't want to know them," replied Jack gruffly, in order to hide his emotion.

"Very well, my boy, I'm off to dine with them instead, and I give you fair warning I shall make the running."

And so he had left his friend to chew the bitter cud of reflection, whilst the happy past kept floating before him like a tantalizing dream, and he wondered if Alice had quite forgotten him, and what she would say and think when she heard he was so near. But to subject himself to a second insult from Captain Manley. That was what he would rather die than undergo. And so he sat, half excited, half-despondent, wondering what the day would bring forth for him.

Presently there might be heard a faint rustle in the clump of bamboos at the back of the bungalow, and a lithe figure crept softly across the dry herbage and stealthily ascended the wooden steps which led up to the verandah.

It was the figure of a native woman, whose gaudy silken dress and gold bangles contrasted well with her bronzed skin and harmonized with the tropical surroundings.

She was clad in a scarlet vest, which displayed part of her ample bosom, and a blue petticoat, which was girt round her loins with a strip of leopard's skin, and drooped gracefully below her knees.

An ivory comb, inlaid with gold and precious stones, adorned her raven hair, and jewels hung from her nose, ears and lips. Glittering in the fierce light, a necklace of tigers' teeth encircled her throat, and she wore massive rings upon her fingers.

This was Una, Queen of the Antes, whose territory was called the Valley of Death, from the awful atrocities which had been committed there. A queen, invested with regal rights, governing a tribe of hostile natives, and possessing the power to prevent others from trading on the coast or holding any communication with the savages of the interior.

All this Jack Fairfield knew well, and he considered it was policy on his part to humor the queen and keep in her majesty's good graces; and with that end in view, when the dusky sovereign visited the white man—which she had been much in the habit of doing lately—he generally paid her a great many unnecessary compliments.

And unfortunately Queen Una received his flattery and his attentions in a different light from what Fairfield intended.

He was a handsome man, tall and well-made, with a fair skin and blue eyes, and the black queen greatly admired him, and would have liked him for a lover. She thought, too, that he was enamored of herself, and that some day he would be her lord and govern her domains, and take her to the Big Country she had heard so much of, where she would palaver with her sister, the White Queen. And she never dreamt that the white man who was in her power would dare to reject her addresses.

Noiselessly moving the grass mat that hung in the doorway, Queen Una peeped into the apartment. Fairfield was lying back in his chair, dreaming of England and his lost love.

Her entrance did not disturb him so she grew bolder, and with agile steps bounded to his side, fawning upon him as a tigress would in the presence of her acknowledged master.

Fairfield rose angrily, with a suppressed oath on his lips.

He was in no humor for jest that afternoon, and this unlooked for visit annoyed him.

"You very happy see me?" asked the queen, not at all discomposed by his gestures of annoyance.

"Oh, very happy, Una, very happy indeed," he rejoined carelessly; "only I'm very busy to-day, and you can't stay."

"Me only stay little while—me come long way to see white man and bring him present. Me give you dat," said Una, placing a small native talisman in his hand. "Dat keep you well and strong—dat make you lub Una——"

"But I do love you, Una. I have often told you so," he said, as he placed the talisman on the mantelshelf.

"Den if you lub me; givee me dat," replied Una artfully, as she touched a small ring he wore on the little finger of his left hand. It was the only gift that his lost Alice had ever given him, and he had worn it by night and day ever since.

The queen's request and the recollections it brought with it, overcame his prudence.

"No, no," he cried, "I cannot give you that, Una. It is a talisman too; I must not part with it."

Queen Una's brown breast heaved with quicker throbs, and her flashing eyes, which were full of malice and deceit, grew ominously darker at his refusal.

"White woman givee you dat?" she inquired cunningly.

Fairfield did not seem to notice the drift of her words. She had recalled his trouble to him, and it was a sort of relief to tell her of it. She was a woman, and might sympathize with him, and he wanted sympathy dreadfully, poor fellow, although he hardly acknowledged it to himself.

"Yes, Una," he answered, "a white woman give me that—a white woman whom I loved very dearly. But her people would not give her to me, so I have lived all alone. And to-day I hear she is close to me—in that ship coming into harbor—and yet I dare not see her. Isn't it hard?"

"And you lovee dis white gal better dan anybody?" said Queen Una.

"I love her better than all the world! I would die for her," said poor Fairfield, with a suspicious sound like tears in his voice.

Slowly and haughtily the Queen of the Antes drew herself away from him. She had come quite prepared to make him an offer of marriage. She had given him the most powerful love talisman that she possessed, and he turned his back on it, and her! There was no deception in her looks this time. Her blood was boiling with a desire for revenge.

"I go," she said calmly, with her teeth set. "I leavee you with white woman in ship. Nebber you fear. You will see her very soon. Una feel dat. Good-bye, white man, good-bye!"

And she sped down the ladder and through the thicket, with the agility of a leopard.

Fairfield was relieved when she was gone. He had taken but little notice of her words and she worried him.

He was indistinctly conscious that she had wished him joy, and that no joy was possible for him, and the knowledge made him irritable and anxious to be alone.

The next day a number of petty chiefs arrived at the station to exchange their palm oil, ebony and ivory for the general cargo of bright colored stuffs, useless muskets and glass beads, Captain Manley had brought out with him, and Rudge Martin had his hands full to attend to them, receiving no help from Fairfield, whose fit of despondency had increased to such a degree that he preferred to remain shut up in his own room.

A thousand times he asked himself should he run the gauntlet of another insult at Captain Manley's hands, and dare all things only to see Alice and find out whether she still cared for him. But that entailed going on board the "Tredegar," and he had not the courage to do it.

Rudge must surely have mentioned his name before the skipper and his daughter, he thought, and if they wished to renew their acquaintance with him they were quite able to do so.

But as he was listening moodily at dinner time to the comical tales Rudge related to him concerning the antics of the native chiefs, who had nearly blown off their own arms and legs in their attempts to fire the guns they had bartered for, a sudden commotion was heard in the verandah, and Captain Manley, in a terrible

state of excitement, made his appearance before them.

"What's the matter, sir?" inquired Rudge Martin, as he caught sight of him.

"Matter enough," cried Manley. "My daughter is missing. She left the ship this evening to take a stroll along the banks of the river, and I'll lay anything she's been carried off by some of these accursed blacks."

"Alice missing? God help us!" exclaimed Jack Fairfield in a voice of distress.

Captain Manley turned to him in amazement.

"You here?" he said quickly "I heard the name of Fairchild, but had no idea it was the same man I had known in England. Have you any authority, any power? Can you help me in this terrible extremity?"

"If Miss Manley has really been taken prisoner and anyone can help you, sir, Jack Fairfield will," said Rudge heartily: "why he knows every step of the ground, and the queen of the tribe into the bargain."

"Yes and she shall answer to me for this outrage," exclaimed Fairfield, with a clenched hand, as he remembered their late interview. "This is the doing of that she-devil, Rudge, you may depend on it. We must rescue Miss Manley from her clutches," he continued vehemently, "or die. Captain, get all your men together, and bring as much ammunition as you can carry, whilst Martin and I collect our little gang. We must hurry up, or we may be too late."

"Mr. Fairfield, how can I thank you sufficiently?" cried the father, with tears standing in his eyes. "Only rescue my poor girl from those devils, and you shall have whatever you may ask from me: She has suffered more than enough since I parted her from you."

"You have given me fresh courage, Captain Manley, but we must stay for nothing now. Alice's safety depends on our dispatch."

And in ten minutes from that time, the plucky little band was ready to start. All told, they numbered but five and-twenty. Five-and-twenty started to attempt to rescue a woman, whilst they stood every chance of being overwhelmed and completely annihilated by as many hundreds.

There were eight white men from the "Tredegar," and two from the station, with fifteen blacks, all well armed with rifles, revolvers and boarding-pikes. But what a meagre army to lead into the field! Four men were kept aboard the brig, with orders to haul into the stream, and see that the sails were loosed, and the cables ready for slipping.

And then the brave little band dashed fearlessly into the jungle, on their road to the Valley of Death!

All that night they pushed on, through the thorny thickets which kept their hands scratched and bleeding; through the dense undergrowth which brushed against their faces, making them smart with pain; crossing fords and deep rivulets, where sharp crags, hidden by the black waters, tore their flesh and left them struggling ankle-deep in the stinking mud, till just before daybreak they halted to reconsider the plan of campaign.

Fortunately, outposts had been stationed in case of alarm, for before the fatigued men had had any rest, the forward sentry reported that he could hear a confused noise, like the chatter of many voices, and could make out the smoke of a fire not very distant from the spot on which they had halted for their consultation.

To reconnoitre was their next movement, and they discovered that in the centre of a clearing, bounded by the river on one side and an almost impenetrable thicket of palms and yua trees on the other, were assembled some hundreds of natives, with Queen Una seated in their midst.

This was the court of the celebrated Valley of Death, the name alone of which was sufficient to strike terror into the hearts of those who heard it.

At the feet of the queen, bound hand and foot with strong swathes of grass lay Alice Manley, more dead than alive, as she contemplated the fate before her.

She could not understand their language, but she knew she was at the mercy of a horde of bloodthirsty savages, and she expected nothing less than a cruel death.

Had she known the doom that had been pronounced upon her, she would have swooned with fear.

Queen Una's commands were that the white woman was to be flayed alive, her eyes were to be gouged out, and (after other injuries, too horrible to describe, had been inflicted on her) she was to be roasted before a slow fire until she died.

As Jack Fairfield saw Alice lying there, bound and helpless, in the hands of her enemy, he vowed to rescue her or to die by her side, and Captain Manley and Rudge Martin had the greatest difficulty to restrain him from rushing headlong in the midst of the savages, to be pierced by a hundred spears and poisoned arrows.

"My Alice!" he exclaimed; "my darling, unforgotten girl. Oh, Captain Manley, if you but knew —"

"Hush, hush! my boy, I do knew. These last two days have opened my eyes to much that I never saw before. Your courage and intrepidity and faith—her silent, patient suffering. I never thought how great they both were. God forgive me for having kept you two asunder. But now believe me, Fairfield; she is yours."

"Mine in death," he muttered.

"Don't say that, Jack. It's not like you to lose heart," cried Rudge cheerily.

"Ah, Rudge, you have never had such a stake at issue. But in life or death, she shall yet be mine—my peerless Alice. Come, boys!" he continued, as he dashed his hands across his eyes, "to your places, and without a sound."

Hastily forming their plan of attack, they resolved to win the game by stratagem.

A few of their party were to steal round, under cover of the dense foliage, to the further side of the enemy, and fire a volley into their midst and then retreat, forming a semicircle.

The other half of the little band would then repeat the tactic, which would make the natives believe they were greater in number than they really were, and both sides, meeting in the centre opposite the river, were to make a determined stand against them, whilst Jack Fairfield, with two sturdy sheilbacks, was to attempt the rescue of Alice Manley.

Without the least bit of warning, the first volley re-echoed through the stillness of the morning air, and flashed upon the startled assembly.

Queen Una leapt to her feet and tried to gain the entrance of her leafy palace, but before she and her attendants had time to turn in another direction, a second report thundered at their backs, leaving many of their number to bite the dust.

Amazed and startled by this unexpected onslaught, the savages made for the centre of the brushwood, which was their only chance of beating a retreat, but they were met there by another shower of leaden bullets, directed by experienced hands, and a cheer such as only brave men bent on victory can send forth from their lungs.

Using their revolvers with the utmost advantage—thrusting the black rascals back with their boarding-pikes, and thrashing them down with the butt-ends of their rifles—the attacking party completely routed their opponents (who were quite ignorant of their paltry number), and the savages fled into the jungle, leaving the traders to gain a signal victory.

Then it was that Jack Fairfield, unable to restrain himself any longer, rushed forward and clasped Alice Manley in his arms. At the sight of her unforgotten lover, the poor girl could bear up no longer, but closing her eyes fainted dead away upon his breast. It took but a few moments to release her from the cruel thongs that had cut into her tender flesh, and then, raising her in his strong clasp, Fairfield bore her to a place of comparative safety. As her eyes opened to consciousness again, and she saw her father and Jack Fairfield gazing at her, and felt the warm pressure of her lover's lips, she reddened like a rose in June.

"Oh, Jack! is it possible, or am I dreaming? I heard that you were here, dear, but to see you and my father thus—"

"It is all right, my darling," cried Jack; "thank God that you are safe, and that you are to be my wife."

"Father!" said Alice wonderingly.

"It is true, my dear child. I know that you love him, and I promised him if he saved your life that I would give you to him.

"Oh, I am so happy," murmured Alice, as she closed her eyes again.

But much as Jack would have liked to remain by her side, this was no time for sentiment, and so leaving her in the charge of one of the sailors, the rest of the party returned to the place of attack.

Honest Rudge Martin, who had fought as pluckily as the rest, had been wounded by a spear and had to be borne on the shoulders of four blacks, who proceeded to convey him, with the rest, in the direction of the station.

But Queen Una was not going to suffer such an easy conquest, and after the first rebuff, she mustered warriors to be avenged.

Bravely the little English gang retraced their steps, worn out as they were, and encumbered with a weak woman and a helpless man, yet every moment, drawing closer and closer, they could hear the beating of the tom-toms and the savage yell of their pursuers.

Queen Una had given her soldiers full license to murder and to loot, and they were determined to beat the English back into the town, to demolish the station and the shipping, and to put every creature they could capture to the torture.

When at last, exhausted and worn out, the Europeans reached the bungalow, the natives (headed by their warlike queen) were not four hundred yards behind them. To attempt to make a stand against such numbers was out of the question. It would have been simply to sacrifice their own lives and those dependent on them, so with the most marvellous alacrity they made for the boats and pushed off for the Tredegar.

Jack Fairfield alone remained behind with two of his trustiest men. Then, at the very last moment, fighting their way hand to hand through a dozen or more bloodthirsty nigroes, they jumped into the boat and rowed off, whilst arrows and spears fell thick around them.

The warriors of Queen Una sent forth a wild shout of despair when they were convinced of the safety of their white opponents, which was almost immediately succeeded by a tremendous report and an unearthly yell, mingled with agonizing shrieks and groans, as their arms, legs and heads were scattered to the four winds of heaven.

Jack Fairfield and his companions had remained behind to lay and ignite a small train of powder, and the magazine had blown up, destroying the coveted stores with itself, and completely devastating the station and all that belonged to it.

The Queen of the Antes had been baulked of her revenge upon her lover, and that night she closed her eyes in death, as she had been struck by a stray bullet from the brig as she stood exciting her followers to fresh exertions.

But when the first shock was over, and Rudge was pronounced to be out of danger, how happy they all were on board the Tredegar, as she ploughed the waves on her way home to England.

Captain Manley made no further objections to Jack Fairfield as a son-in-law, and he and Alice were in the seventh heaven of delight.

They have been married for several years now, and settled in the old country, but Jack has not yet given over relating the story of his dangerous friendship with the swarthy Queen Una, and his adventures in the Valley of Death.

ESCAPING DEBTS.—A bold attempt to escape paying her debts was made in Paris recently by a woman who failed in business. A writ for the sale of her effects was issued, and when the officer, armed with it, entered her room, a strange and sombre scene met their gaze. In the centre of the room on a bed was the apparently dead body of the woman, laid out in all the trappings of woe, and ready for the French equivalent of a "wake."

Around the presumed corpse were ranged six tall candlesticks, with lighted tapers therein. The bailiff, deeming that he had to deal with a genuine dead body, instantly prepared to withdraw with his writ, but the police inspector, more inquisitive and suspicious than the process server, went over to the bed, and, attracted by the extraordinary plumpness of the arms of the corpse, pinched them. There was an instantaneous bringing of the dead to life. The corpse, chalked carefully as to its face, sat up in its shroud, spoke words to the effect that the trick had failed, and confessed all. The candles were quickly snuffed out, the mourning drapery pulled down, and the process server proceeded speedily to confiscate everything appertaining either to life or death in the house.

DURING divine services on a recent Sunday, a bear, which had escaped from the stable of a neighboring public house, in which its owner, a travelling showman, was located, entered a chapel, near Mortlake, England. Women shrieked and children cried, and their was a general rush for the door. The bear, on whose neck was a thick chain, made its way to the empty choir stalls, where it lay down. The minister, whose high and commodious pulpit had suddenly become occupied by several female members of his congregation, was in the midst of his discourse at the time of the animal's appearance, and had chosen for his next text the words "Be not afraid." The sermon was brought to an abrupt termination. The anxiety of pastor and people was set at rest by the arrival of the owner of the animal. The bear was got out of the chapel with ease and taken back to its quarters.

Scientific and Useful.

TYPE WRITING.—An electric typewriter is being constructed which will write letters in New York as they are transmitted from Boston, and vice versa, the communications being transmitted simultaneously over four separate wires.

CARRIER PIGEONS.—The latest experiments made with carrier pigeons in connection with various European armies shows that the normal velocity of the carrier in calm weather and for a short distance is about 1210 yards a minute. With a very strong wind in the direction of the flight a bird has reached 1980 yards a minute.

VENTILATING CARS.—A new method for ventilating railway cars and preventing dust from entering with the air has lately been adopted in France. The more quickly the train moves the more rapidly the apparatus works. The air is made to traverse a receptical containing water, which cools it and relieves it of dust, after which it goes through another filtering before entering the carriage.

ELECTRICAL WELDING.—In some experiments lately made in England to test the merit of electric welding, a one and a half inch iron bar was welded both by means of electricity and by hand. The former stood a strain of 91·9 per cent. of the strength of the metal itself, and the latter 89·3 per cent. The electric weld, however, showed cracks when bent cold at an angle of 66 degrees, whereas, the hand-made joint stood 138 degrees of bend.

A NEW FOG SIGNAL GUN.—Guns have been used for some years with most satisfactory results for fog signaling on the Swedish coast. Their signals have been heard as far as twelve nautical miles, which is probably a greater distance than the signal from a siren can be heard. A new gun has just been made in Sweeden which is capable of firing from twenty to thirty shots a minute, having breech loading mechanism. It will thus be possible o fire letters according to the Morse alphabet one shot being a dot and two shots close together a dash. This system of signaling admits of considerable development and in all probability more will be heard of it. It is claimed that the gun will stand some 40,000 shots, and the cost per shot, exclusive of powder, will be, calculating the initial cost of the gun, about four cents.

Farm and Garden.

HORSES.—Galls and sores on the horses may be avoided by giving some attention to the harness during the busy season.

VARIETIES IN FRUIT.—An exchange says that few consumers know one variety of fruit from another, and that the average dealer knows no more than the consumer. That is a fact. When you get into the market it is monumental stupidity on both sides of the counter.

KEROSENE.—An emulsion of one quart kerosene in five gallons of strong soapsuds is an excellent remedy for the caterpillars that will now infest apple trees, but kerosene is fatal to peach trees. The proper way, however, is to tear out all the nests that appear in the trees and burn them, which work should be done late in the afternoon.

THE SOIL.—When the farmer churns his milk and sells butter he does not deprive his soil of fertility. The buttermilk may be fed to swine and poultry with profit, but when meat and eggs are sold the fertility of the soil goes also. Nothing robs the soil faster than selling milk, and unless the farmer procures fertilizers or buys a large proportion of bran and linseed meal his farm will deteriorate in quality.

CHANGE OF FEED.—Hogs will usually do better and gain faster when they have an occasional change of feed, and many theorists advise the liberal use of bran, shorts and oil meal. These would be very desirable to use if the "trusts" and "combines" did not keep the prices up to twice or three times their value. Compared with corn, oats or rye they are too expensive for any Western farmer to use with profit.

BURNT CLAY.—Experiments with burnt clay demonstrate it to be a fertilizer. Its value consists of its affinity for the plant-forming element in the soil. It extracts ammonia from the atmosphere and yields it to plants, as well as affording potash that is set free from the clay itself. It is the opinion of leading agriculturists that the burning of marl will render it more available to plants, and that burnt clay will be a fertilizer of the future.

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THE ANGELUS.

BY JEAN FRANCOIS MILLET.

This masterpiece of the great French painter has been purchased by an American for the sum of $116,000 and duties, amounting in all to about $150,000. It is the largest sum ever paid for a painting of this size.

Jean Francois Millet, who died in 1875 at the age of sixty, devoted himself to the faithful reproduction of actual rustic life among the French peasantry. During his lifetime he was sorely distressed by poverty and want, and it was not until some time after his death that his wonderful genius was appreciated.

Gambetta makes the following comment on the work reproduced in our etched and colored oleograph: "Millet appears with his marked character of a painter of the seasons, the fields, and the peasants. 'The Angelus,' is his masterpiece in which two peasants, bathed in the rays of the setting sun and full of mystical emotion, bow their heads at the penetrating sound of a bell ringing for evening prayer at the monastery visible on the horizon." All the original colors, and shades are reproduced in *fac simile*, so that our oleograph gives "The Angelus" exactly as seen in the painting itself. Save that it has not actually been painted by hand it presents the full life, beauty and expression of the work as it came from Millet's easel. The gold and red of the setting sun; the dark browns and greens of the field where the peasants are working; the faithful blues and grays of their peasant costumes; the gathering shadow of twilight are all shown with such delicate taste and blending of hues, that the picture stands out inspired with religious sentiment and devotion. A finer copy, and one in which more skill is shown has never before been produced. The size of this famous picture in colors, is 22x28 inches and a copy will be sent, all postage paid, to every one who sends us $2.00 for one year's subscription to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST in advance.

"In Love" and "The Peacemaker"

Are two splendid companion photo-gravures. They are printed on heavy-toned paper, and are in size 12 x 16 inches each. The subject of the first named "In Love" represents a young couple dressed in the fashion of our grandfathers and grandmothers, sitting under a tree in the garden of an old-time mansion. The maiden is sewing and the lover after the style of the period, is paying her courteous and kind attention. In the second picture, "The Peacemaker," the couple have plainly had a quarrel. Both pretend to want to part, and at the same time both are evidently glad of the kind offices of a young lady friend who has just come upon the scene, and wishes to have them "make it up." Each picture tells its own story completely, and each is the sequel and complement of the other. Prettier works of art or neater pictures for a parlor or sitting-room, could not be desired.

These *two* splendid companion photo-gravures sent prepaid to each subscriber who sends us $2.00 for the THE POST one year.

If preferred we will send instead a copy of the magnificent picture of "Christ before Pilate," size of which is 21x28 inches.

About Hurry.

We always say that we are, on the whole, wiser, healthier, stronger and more rational than our ancestors ever were; but they had the better of us in one thing—they did not give way to hurry. Our pace is gradually being accelerated, until it sometimes seems as if the regular ranks of society were to be broken up in a wild scurry.

The sense of the shortness of time has come upon men suddenly; yet, instead of moderating their desires in accordance with the conditions of our ephemeral existence, they persist in striving to cram into one life far more than it will hold.

Ever since prophets first began to rebuke the folly of men, our race always have made haste to be rich when they had the chance—and they always will.

The average of successes and failures is about the same in every age; moralists make the same lofty observations; the cynics snarl; but nobody very particularly cares.

Considering the enormous sums which we pay to various men in order that they may preach the virtues of poverty, and considering that the preachers of poverty do not refuse wealth, we cannot blame a mere worldling if he seizes as much as he can of that money which is the modern symbol of power.

But we are rather bent on speaking a little about expediency. Is it in any sense a worldly-wise proceeding to congest our lives as it were by overcrowding them? If the most ordinary man or woman of us all simply looks around with a keen and steady eye, does it not at once become apparent that our neighbors, abetted by us, are simply gorging their existence by endeavoring to crush too much into it?

Few of us have any right to criticise another adversely; we are bitten by the tarantula of Hurry, and we certainly perform our dance with vigor.

Politicians have usually been rogues, though there were always some of the noble and unsullied sort to keep stern watch on the herd of venal time-servers. Venality has been stamped out; but roguery of the sort which cunningly seeks applause and power, and other things more valuable than money, is plentiful enough, in all conscience. But at any rate in the past they did not deluge a weary nation with talk, nor did they jostle each other in order to secure the maximum of advertisement; they pouched their plunder and did not trouble the country further.

But our genuine latter-day politician is not merely a man who comes perilously near to being a rogue; he is also a nuisance. Advertisement, advertisement, advertisement, is all that he wants—and there is no device, however low and mean, that will cause the brazenness of his countenance to vary.

A man is supposed to go into Congress because he is interested in legislative matters; and he is usually credited with some knowledge of his country's history and constitution. As a matter of fact an individual with plenty of money and no brains may easily buy himself a seat, just as the nabobs did in days gone by; while a man with a long tongue and no money may easily force his way into the charmed chamber if he can only make enough promises to induce a proper number of dupes to subscribe sufficient to maintain him.

Now all these men are in a hurry. Hurry is their vice; they can have no hope of bringing themselves before the country unless they hurry; and, as they all want to be first, there is a regular race, and the general results are grotesquely shocking.

In the race for public notice our precious legislators indulge in the most astounding freaks; for it has come to be thought by a section of the populace that the more a man's name appears in the papers, the more worthy of fame he is.

It is all piteous; and we can only hope that in the last result the men of Hurry will enrage the rational section of the nation and procure their own extinction.

In art, as in politics, hurry is spreading ruin. How many men who were meant to be great have become woeful daubers! The artist cannot be content with a house nowadays—only a palace will suffice him, and, to keep up his palace he must hurry. His name once made, he can be sure of securing customers from everywhere.

These gentlemen like to say, "My portrait, by X—considered one of his best;" and they are ready to pay enormous prices merely to give themselves the pleasure of repeating that little speech once a month or so.

The artist turns out daub after daub; his technique becomes abominable; his old skill vanishes; but his name remains—and the name enables him to keep up his palace.

We have some painters now whose work is hardly better than that of pavement-artists; and they have reached their deplorable degradation because they were in a hurry.

Literature fares no better. We have been fairly shocked by some of the later efforts of men who were splendid craftsmen. We like swift work if the swiftness is employed in setting down ripe thought and wise observation; but there is now to be seen a sort of hurry which is not swift—it is the convulsive struggle of men who have lost their speed.

Many of our lady writers keep to a pleasant level of excellence; some go on improving steadily; but an uncomfortably large number of men turn out stuff which is bad enough for banning.

In architecture we have only to look out from a railway car—if we dare dare—in order to see to what a pass hurry is bringing us. The average suburban "villa"—save us!—may be tersely defined as "Villainy crystallized into bricks and mortar." As for the miles of dismal "residences" which make the soul ache, a cynic should be forgiven if he wishes the inhabitants could be cleared away safely, so that all the artillery from Fortress Monroe might practise on the buildings.

The expense would not be great, for one shell would level a street of the "Jerry" builder's choicest creations.

All the mischief comes from hurry.

THE true ideal that should fill a man's heart and fire his energies is excellence in his own sphere, the living of his own particular life just as fully and nobly as he—not somebody else—can. True this is an unknown quantity, but it is a real and attainable one. Day by day it is rising, and day by day a man may feel conscious of increased power. Whither it may lead him he cannot tell, but that by its guidance he will go farther and accomplish more than by any other he may rest assured. Whoever cherishes this aim will find full scope for every faculty, full work for every day, and full satisfaction in every success. Attempting nothing impossible, he is doomed to no inevitable disappointment; nor is there any limit at which he may cease to strive

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CHILDREN who are honored by their parents' confidence and accustomed to add their quota of assistance and to bear their share of self-sacrifice whenever the good of the family requires it, will rarely be guilty of ingratitude. They are not opposed to, but in quick sympathy with their parents, not because they are gifted with specially sympathetic natures or are in any way superior to ordinary young people, but simply because they have been made sharers with their parents in the cares and hopes, the responsibilities and labors of the family.

PEOPLE who fret and fume over every petty grievance, who take harmless jokes for insults, and are continually groaning and worrying over fancied wrongs or trifling disappointments, are great nuisances. There is but one cure for them, and that is real calamity. It is possible, on the other hand, to be too good natured. Your very acquiescent "Oh, yes, certainly!" sort of people often agree to much that it is their duty to oppose. A temper that is neither touchy enough to be disturbed by trivial causes, nor so yielding as to be incapable of negation, is an unspeakable blessing.

IF a man be of a patient and contented spirit, moderate in his desires, temperate in his appetites, diligent and faithful in his labors, affectionate and generous in his disposition, calm and self-possessed, interested in good objects for their own sake, and glad to aid them by his own efforts, he possesses more of the materials of happiness than many a one with double his external advantages. It is life in its best sense which makes us happy, and happiness, in its turn, nourishes life.

The World's Happenings.

Boston ladies attend baseball games in large numbers.

Of a family of sixteen, near Taylorstown, this State, thirteen have died of diphtheria.

According to a current paragraph, Texas, which last year had 497 newspapers, now has only 494.

A chicken with four legs, four wings and two heads has just been hatched at Delmar, Delaware.

Hackmen in Baltimore, wanting to discourage Sunday funerals, have advanced rates for this day 50 cents.

Pittsburg claims to have more millionaires in proportion to her population than any other city in the world.

Gearing for electric railways made out of rawhide is preferred to metal, as it makes far less noise and wears better.

A Brooklyn physician is authority for the statement that the grip is almost as prevalent there now as it was during the past winter.

A fancy for the Spanish language and literature is reigning in Washington. Classes and readings in Spanish are held frequently.

Opticians and oculists say that belfry and steeple clocks are absolutely useless to at least a third of those for whose benefit they are set up.

The latest verbal monstrosity suggested is the word "manuprint," to be used as a verb, adjective or noun for work done with the typewriting machine.

A child of six in Manchester, Maine, drank half a pint of whisky that had been obtained for medicinal purposes, and two days after died of alcoholic poisoning.

A year ago two Davison, Mich., men went to court over an $18 item. The case has finally been decided by the Supreme Court, and the costs have been an even $600.

Richard Brewer, who was regarded as the oldest man in Ohio, died recently at Sandusky. He was in his 108th year. His wife died two years ago at the age of 99.

Contrary to impressions held hitherto by the public at large upon the subject, over 66 per cent. of the members of the police force of New York city are American born.

Jay Gould's daily income has been estimated recently at $7,446; Cornelius Vanderbilt's at $15,249; John D. Rockefeller's at $18,715, and William Waldorf Astor's at $23,593.

Mr. Youngblood is an old gentleman of Coffee county, Ga., who has killed 993 deer in his time. He still uses his old flint-and-steel rifle, and can cut a turkey's head off at 75 yards.

A lad of 17 years died lately at Pomona, Cal., from the excessive use of tobacco. He was known to have smoked in one day 60 cigarettes and two or three strong Mexican cigars. The doctors say he died of narcotic poison.

A large sewer in Portland, Or., becoming choked, workmen dug it open, and to their great surprise found the roots of a shade tree had forced a passage through the walls and formed a solid mass for 50 feet. The top of the sewer is 10 feet below the surface.

Some stray electricity from the wires of a electric railway, in Pittsburg, concentrated itself in an awning post, and an Italian who unthinkingly grasped the post was thrown upon his back with great force, but soon after was revived and able to walk home.

A business man in New York, who advertised for an experienced clerk, to begin at a salary of $12 per week, received 200 answers, many of them long letters, from men who had formerly held positions of importance and influence in the commercial world of New York.

Snake stories are becoming more numerous, the latest, from Windham county, Conn. One man alone killed 100 in half an hour, while since the opening of spring two brothers at Sterling have unearthed and killed 400. A nest containing 80 was found at Somfret a day or two ago.

A couple, each over eighty years of age, were married at Montreal recently, and in Allegheny, this state, an ex-merchant of 72 led to the altar a bride nearly 50 years his junior. The latter knot was tied by the groom's son-in-law and a grandson of the old gentleman acted as best man.

A steel company in Illinois, employing 2,000 men, has decided upon the novel plan of placing a premium on the constancy of the employe's service. It offers to men who stay one year one per cent. of their wages in addition, two years two per cent., and so on up to five years, when five per cent. will be added to their pay.

A remarkable trout died recently near Kelso, Scotland. Its dead body was found in a covered well only a few feet in depth. The tradition is that, some thirty-two years ago, this fish was taken from the Tweed, placed in the well, and lived there until its death. Its body was eleven inches in length and very much emaciated, weighing only six ounces.

A short time ago the Government issued by mistake two bank notes, the face representing $10, while the reverse side represented $20. One of the notes was subsequently returned by the cashier of the First National Bank of Washington, N. J., and the other came to light recently in New York. It is held by the clerk of an insurance company, and it is said that he has refused a large sum for it.

A Biddeford, Me., man who hustled about and gathered together a large crowd of fellow citizens and a lantern to assist in searching the gutter for a $5 gold piece which he was under the impression he had lost, was much chagrined when the coin was found to be a bright new copper, and the gold piece was found safely stored away in his pocket.

At New Bedford, Mass., recently, a lad named Weaver, while swinging on two telegraph wires which hung low, was seen to drop to the ground. When picked up he was unconscious. A physician was called and said the boy was suffering from an electrical shock, but that he would probably come around all right. It is supposed an electric light wire became crossed with the telegraph wires.

THE WORLD'S WAY.

BY C. LOWATER.

When my heart is glad and gay,
Many friends have I;
Unto hearts that laugh, alway
Laughing hearts reply.
As to blooming flowers in May
Come the birds and bees at play,
Singing merrily all day
'Neath a smiling sky.

When my heart is sad, ah me!
Not a friend have I;
From my side they quickly flee
With a cold good-bye.
As when all the flowers we see
Drooping lie upon the lea,
Southward fly the birds so free
'Neath the autumn sky.

In a Dangerous Strait.

BY MARY E. PENN.

THE close of a bright spring evening some eighteen years ago. A lingering ray of sunlight flickers across a quiet, suburban street, in the great manufacturing town of Hammerton, and slanting through the uncurtained window of an engraver's workroom, rests on the head of its occupant, bent low over his task.

He is a tall, slightly-built man of seven or eight and twenty, with a face full of intelligence and refinement; a firm but sweet-tempered mouth, and calm, luminous brown eyes, which have faced the world's frown without losing a whit of their brigtness and courage.

The son of a struggling artist, who had left him no inheritance but debts and unsold pictures, Gilbert Haviland had early made acquaintance with those stern realities of life: poverty, toil, and care.

They were his daily companions still, though latterly, his heart had opened to admit a guest whose presence robbed them of half their bitterness.

A fresh girlish voice in the next room was singing Dekker's brave old song, "The Happy Heart," and presently, a light footstop sounded outside the door, causing him to look round with an expectant smile.

"On sweet content!" sang the girl, "Honest labor wears a lovely face——"

Then, putting in her head of curly bronze-brown hair, she added:

"Doesn't the honest laborer' want his tea? It is quite ready."

"Presently, dear," he answered; "I have something to finish first."

"No; 'presently' will not do; there are crumpets, which don't improve with waiting," she said, as she entered, seeming to bring with her into the dingy work-room all the bloom and freshness of spring.

Gilbert's smile of tender admiration betrayed his heart's secret, as he glanced at the bright gipsy face, with its piquant combination of warm, sun kissed complexion and blue eyes.

No word of love had yet been spoken between himself and his cousin, Janet Ray, who at his mother's invitation had come to share their home when her father's death left her an orphan, a year ago.

But he knew that the girl understood his heart as well as he did himself, and would be content to wait until he was in a position to claim her.

"Even the prospect of crumpets won't tempt me to leave this plate unfinished, but I have only a few touches to put in," he replied, as he shook back his hair, and rounded his shoulders to his task again.

"Very well; I shall wait for you," she said; and dragging a high leather-seated stool to his side, she perched herself upon it, leaning her elbows on the "bench."

"What is it you are doing? she asked, watching the tiny chips of metal as they curled up beneath his tool.

"An illustrated circular for Mapleton and Co. I am now, as you perceive, putting the finishing-touches to an extremely realistic tea-kettle."

Janet drew down her lips. "An ironmonger's circular! I did not know you accepted common work like that."

"Accept it? aye, and am glad to get it. The engraving trade is not what it was before printing and lithography ruined it. Small craftsmen like myself can't afford to be proud."

She ruffled her pretty hair discontentedly.

"Whatever made you choose to be an engraver?"

"Well, there wasn't much choice in the matter. I drifted into it. You see I had never been trained for any trade or profession, for though, I got some notions of art from my father, he gave me no regular teaching. But I had picked up a knowledge of engraving from an old workman who lodged in our house; and when my poor father died, leaving the dear mother dependent on me, it seemed the only thing I could turn to with any prospect of success. That is how I came to be a square hole instead of a round one," he concluded, with a smiling glance at her.

"It is a shame!" Janet exclaimed, her sympathy all the keener for his patience. "You were not meant for this drudgery; you are a born artist, Gilbert. Look at your clever etchings; and your illustrations for the 'Warwickshire Messenger.'"

"With their queer perspective, and still queerer anatomy," he put in laughing. "No, no, Jeanie; you cannot blind me to the fact that years of study and practice are required before I can call myself an artist; so I must stick to the graver at present, and make the best of it. And now for tea and crumpets," he added, as he laid down his tool. "I shall work no more this evening, for Monsieur de Fontenay is coming."

"Again! This is the fourth time you have invited him within the last ten days, Gilbert."

"He invited himself this time, Jeanie. He said he had a proposal to make to me with reference to some drawings. I couldn't very well put him off, even had I wished to——"

"Which of course you did not," she interrupted resentfully. "I think that Frenchman has bewitched you, Gilbert. It is barely three months since you made his acquaintance through engraving a ring for him, and now you and he are hand-in-glove together. You are not usually so ready to make friends of strangers."

"Strangers are not usually so ready to prove themselves friends to me," Gilbert answered, turning away to gather his tools together. Something peculiar in his tone struck Miss Ray's ear. "You speak as though you were under an obligation to him, Gilbert!"

"So I am—for his society. It is seldom I have an opportunity of talking to a man of his stamp—a cultured and accomplished gentleman. Why you dislike him I cannot imagine."

"I hardly know myself," she acknowledged; "but I do dislike and distrust him heartily, in spite of his culture and accomplishments; and I can't get it out of my mind that he has some hidden motive in coming here."

Gilbert glanced at her pretty face with a smile. She colored and looked annoyed.

"Oh, it is not on my account that he began his visits here, if that is what you mean," she said resentfully. "He took to haunting your workroom, and inviting you to his house long before he saw me or your mother. I cannot divest myself of the feeling that there's a mystery about him which we can't fathom. Who and what is he, to begin with?"

"That is easily answered, Jeanie. He is a political refugee; the last surviving member of an old and noble family, noted for devotion to the House of Orleans, and therefore in bad odor with the present Imperial Government. I believe, in fact, that he has been concerned in a conspiracy against it, and still belongs to a secret Royalist Society."

"Ah; I saw him in the town the other day with an elderly Frenchman who looked very like a 'conspirator.'"

"Had he a cloak and lantern a la Guy Fawkes?"

"No; but he had an ugly sinister face, and a furtive sort of expression, as if he were accustomed to being watched," answered Jeanie. "M. de Fontenay and he were in such close confabulation that they did not see me pass. They were talking secrets, evidently—plotting, perhaps."

He laughed. "Very likely. But their plots are no business of ours, Jeanie."

"No—so long as you are not drawn into them. I have fancied lately—don't be angry, Gilbert—that there is a sort of a secret understanding between you and M. de Fontenay; and I have feared——"

"That I too was turning conspirator?" he suggested, with a look of amusement. "Make your mind quite easy on that score, my child. I never kept a secret in my life; at least ——"

He checked himself with some embarrassment, and left the sentence unfinished. Drawing her arm through his arm he led her away.

The curtains were closed, but the lamp was not yet lighted, when they entered the parlor; a homely little room enough, with its worn carpet and plain furniture, yet snug and cheerful, and bearing evidences of taste and refinement in the few well-chosen ornaments; the open piano, the books and pictures, and the vase of spring flowers which adorned the dainty spread tea-table.

Near the window was a smaller table, strewed with the materials for embroidery; and in a low chair beside the hearth, sat Mrs. Haviland, a fair, refined, fragile-looking woman, with Gilbert's soft brown eyes and wavy hair.

"All in the dark, mother?" he said.

"Yes, dear; it is 'blindman's holiday,'" she answered, looking up with a smile. "Janet and I have been hard at work this afternoon, and Mr. Chasuble's altar-cloth is nearly finished. Light the lamp, Jeanie, and let Gilbert see it."

"In a moment; I have not put myself to rights yet," said Gilbert, as he left the room.

Janet lit the lamp and stood for a moment looking absently at the fire: then spoke suddenly.

"Auntie," did you know that Gilbert had a secret?"

"A secret, dear? What sort of secret?"

"I don't know, but I believe, from something in his manner, that M. de Fontenay is connected with it. I shall dislike that man more than ever if he is going to make Gilbert as reserved and mysterious as he is himself."

Mrs. Haviland smiled. "Poor M. de Fontenay! he is your bete noire, Jeanie. I must say you are rather unfair to him. So far from being mysterious, he seems to me particularly open and communicative. That is his ring," she added, as there was a summons at the front door; "now do, dear, try to be civil to him for once."

There was a sound of voices in the hall, and Gilbert entered, dressed for the evening, ushering in de Fontenay. He was a tall and strikingly distinguished looking man of three or four and thirty, with a clear olive complexion, a black mustache, and handsome bold dark eyes. He spoke English with the fluency of a native, and bore himself with the well-bred ease of a thorough man of the world.

As Janet noticed his cordial manner to Gilbert, and the gentle deference with which he greeted Mrs. Haviland, she felt half ashamed of her unreasonable antipathy; but it returned, strongly as ever, directly the bold dark eyes were turned upon her with that look of suppressed but passionate admiration which she resented as a tacit insult.

At the tea-table Janet scarcely spoke to him, keeping her eyes obstinately bent another way. He addressed his conversation chiefly to her companions, but she could him watching her covertly, under his long dark lashes.

When the tray had been removed, he produced a folio he had brought with him, and unclosing it, showed that it contained a number of large mounted photographs.

"I want you, Haviland, when you have leisure," he said, "to do me a series of etchings from these photos, which were taken from pictures in the gallery of the Chateau de Fontenay. You will be at a disadvantage in not having seen the originals, but those, alas! were sold and dispersed with the rest of my household gods when I became an exile and a wanderer."

"You have given me a very pleasant task," Gilbert replied; "and I will do my best to achieve it to your satisfaction. I see that there are some portraits among them."

"Yes—dead and gone de Fontenays. You need not copy those; I don't care enough for my ancestors to make them interesting."

"You have preserved the family type," Gilbert said, smiling. "This"—indicating a half length figure in the costume of the Grand Monarque's days—"might be yourself in fancy dress."

He glanced at it and laughed. I am flattered by the resemblance. That is Baron Enguerrand de Fontenay, one of the blackest sheep in the family flock—and there have been not a few among us," he added, coolly. "We are a reckless, spendthrift, ne'er-do-well stock, we de Fontenays, though we have somehow managed in all our follies to keep honor intact. 'Tout est perdu, fors l'honneur,' might be our motto."

"An unsullied name is an inheritance to be proud of," observed Mrs. Haviland.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Unfortunately one cannot live on it, madam," he answered cynically. "'When lands are gone, and money spent,' as the old song says, honor is but a barren heritage. That is enough of pictures for the present. Will Mademoiselle Jeanne oblige us with a little music?"

Jeanie shook her head. "I could not venture to play before so accomplished a musician as yourself, monsieur."

He did not press her, but, taking his seat struck a few masterly chords, then glided into the "Moonlight Sonata."

Attracted, in spite of herself, by the fine music, Janet approached, and stood watching the slender but powerful fingers, on one of which a great ruby gleamed, blood red.

Presently, without removing his hands from the keys, he glanced round at Gilbert and his mother. They were still absorbed in the pictures and talking with animation.

"What a pleasant, peaceful home interior!" he murmured, keeping up a subdued ripple of accompaniment. "A haven of rest, it seems, to a storm-tossed wanderer like myself. Every form of what the world calls pleasure I have known, but the joys of home—never, or I might have been a better man."

"Perhaps you would have found them insipid," she said.

He smiled rather bitterly. "I understand you: you think me incapable of appreciating innocent pleasures—you may even doubt my capacity for affection. But there you are wrong. World hardened as I am, I can still love, deeply, passionately; and for the loved one I would do and dare all. I would sacrifice fortune, honor, life itself, in her service."

His voice barely rose above a whisper, but there was a thrill of passionate earnestness in it which startled Jeanie. She drew back and answered coldly:

"That sounds well, monsieur; but it seldom happens in real life that a man is called upon to make any such sacrifices. The affection best worth having is that which will stand the test of daily companionship; which shows itself in little unobtrusive acts of kindness, in patience and tenderness and self-abnegation."

Involuntarily she glanced towards Gilbert. Her listener frowned, and played a jarring discord.

"Such ideal perfection is beyond me," he returned. "And yet, if a woman cared for me enough to bear with my faults, she might find some good in me still. Her influence might raise me to a higher level, and I learn to live worthily for her sweet sake."

There was a moment's silence. Janet dared not look at him, but she felt that his dark eyes were riveted on her face with a gaze which seemed to magnetise her.

Suddenly he changed his position, and played the introductory symphony of a song, the "Chanson de Tortunia:"—

Si je vous le disais, pourtant, que je vous aime,
Qui sait, brune aux yeux bleus, ce que vous en diriez.

As his mellow [illegible] voice lingered on the last words, she involuntarily glanced at him; but the look she encountered made her eyes quickly droop again, and brought a hot flush of color to her cheeks.

"Jeanne, I love you!" he breathed, in a quick passionate undertone; and, affecting to pick up a loose sheet of music, he stooped and laid his lips to her hand.

The girl started and snatched it away.

"Do not shrink from me, my sweetest," he pleaded, in the same suppressed but vehement tone. "Tell me that I may hope; tell me that you will——"

"Oh, no—it is impossible!" she interrupted hurriedly. "Please say no more; you only distress me."

His face changed, an expression crossing it which made it almost menacing.

"So be it; I am silenced," he said in an altered voice. "Yet it might have been better had you listened to me; better for you—and for someone else also. It is safer to have me for a friend than a rival."

The girl threw up her head and looked at him defiantly.

"Is that a threat, monsieur?"

"No, merely a warning," he replied, as he rose and left the piano.

"You have given us a treat, M. de Fontenay," Mrs. Haviland said, looking up; "but I fear Gilbert has been sadly inattentive to your music. He is fascinated by these pictures."

"By the way, Haviland, I find there is one I have omitted to bring," their visitor remarked—"not a photograph, but an engraving, which I wish to have copied in facsimile. However, you will see it when next you call. Suppose you come and dine with me to morrow evening, if you have no other engagement. And now," he continued, "I will take my leave. Au revoir, madame, and thanks for a delightful evening."

He shook hands with her cordially, but to Janet he merely bowed, with an exaggerated deference in which there seemed a touch of irony.

When Gilbert returned to their sitting-room after showing out their guest, he found his cousin alone. She was standing at the table, looking absently at the scattered photographs.

"Congratulate me on my good fortune, Jeanie," he began. "This commission is just the sort of work I was longing for."

"I am pleased you have the commission, but sorry it came from M. de Fontenay,"

she replied.

"Oh, you are incorrigible!" he exclaimed, in a tone of vexation. "Will it remove your prejudice against him, Jeanie, if I tell you that he saved me from ruin!"

She started, looking at him in wondering inquiry. He nodded gravely.

"It is a fact. To explain it I must tell you what I have hitherto kept a secret, even from my mother. Ever since my father died, Janet, I have been struggling under a debt, which, Quixotically perhaps, I took upon myself to save his memory from dishonor. The money had been borrowed from Screwton, the attorney, who promised to give me time to repay it in installments. About a month ago, however, he came down upon me by demanding payment in full, under a threat of legal proceedings. I was at my wits' end, not knowing where to turn for help, when de Fontenay came to my rescue ——"

"How did he know of it?" interrupted Janet.

"He heard of it from Screwton—he knows him. De Fontenay, in the most delicate and friendly manner, came to me with an offer of assistance. He would not hear of my refusing it; he insisted upon advancing me sufficient money to discharge the debt in full."

Janet drew in her lips, looked perplexed and uneasy.

"Did it strike you that such generosity was extraordinary on the part of a comparative stranger?"

"It would have been from anyone else; but de Fontenay is liberal and open-handed to a fault."

"So now he is your creditor instead of Mr. Screwton? I would rather you were in the attorney's power than his, Gilbert. How much was the debt?"

"Three hundred pounds."

She uttered an exclamation of dismay. "When shall you be able to repay it?"

"In time—and de Fontenay is not likely to hurry me," he said cheerfully. "I feel that I have it in me to succeed, Janet, if I can only get a start in the right groove. This commission of his may be the first step towards that brilliant future you are so fond of predicting for me."

He stole an arm around her waist and drew her to his side. "You know for whose sake I am anxious to succeed," he whispered, looking down at her with tender seriousness. "I have never before put my hopes into words, but I think you have guessed them, Jeanie?"

"Yes," she said simply.

But even as her sweet lips met his, and they took their first long, lingering kiss of love, Janet shivered with a vague foreboding of coming trouble.

* * * * * * *

Though M. de Fontenay was fond of alluding to himself as a poor man, there were no signs of poverty in his manner of living. The house which he had taken, when he settled in Kilmarnock, some six months before my Gilbert's acquaintance, was a large and handsome one, standing in an aristocratic suburb of the town.

The "Priory," as it was called, a comparatively old house, was a square, substantial building, of mellow-tinted red brick, so thickly sheltered by trees and shrubs as to be invisible from the road; and though its exterior was typically English, in its looks of solid respectability, it was as thoroughly French inside as if it had been transported bodily from the environs of Paris. M. de Fontenay's fastidious taste was shown in the rich but subdued elegance of the furniture and decorations.

Gilbert Haviland proceeded to keep his dinner engagement at the appointed hour, and was admitted by an English footman; but M. de Fontenay's valet and confidential servant, Luigi—a soft-voiced, obsequious Italian—came forward to relieve him of his hat and overcoat, and ushered him into the "saloon." It was a long, lofty room on the ground floor, with furniture of inlaid ebony; panelled walls, a polished floor, and two tall windows draped with olive-green plush.

To his surprise, for he had expected to dine tete a tete with his host, he found two other visitors present, who were introduced to him respectively as the Vicomte de Sanzac and Monsieur Docquois.

The former, a young man, was a type of a Parisian dandy of the "Third Empire;" with a handsome but dissipated face, a waxed mustache, a glass screwed into his eye, and an expression of amiable self-sufficiency.

Docquois, whom Gilbert fancied he recognized as Janet's "conspirator," was a haggard, sallow complexioned man of forty; his eyes were dark and restless, with a sullen, lowering look, which certainly merited the description, "sinister." The two guests were as great a contrast in manner as in appearance, the Vicomte being just as talkative and expansive as M. Docquois was taciturn and reserved.

They were alike, however, in the marked deference with which they treated their host, and also in the close and curious scrutiny which they bestowed on Gilbert himself.

Glancing toward s them as he exchanged a few words with de Fontenay, he found Docquois watching him furtively under his heavy brows, while the Vicomte, twirling his waxed mustache surveyed him from head to foot with undisguised curiosity. Feeling somewhat uncomfortable under this fire of eyes, he was not sorry when dinner was announced, and they crossed the hall to the dining-room.

"Monsieur Docquois understands but does not speak English, so I shall put you near de Sanzac, who will be charmed to show off his knowledge of the language," the host said, as they took their places at the perfectly appointed dinner-table, with its glittering array of glass and silver. 'Convince him if you can that the sun does sometimes shine in this foggy island."

"There is a week I have been in England, and every day it has rained more or less, generally more," remarked the Vicomte.

"April is usually a rainy month, even in France, is it not?" Gilbert asked, good-temperedly.

The other shrugged his shoulders. "Cher Monsieur, I adore England; but your climate gives me the horrors."

"I may plead that we have learned how to indemnify ourselves for its defects by home comforts," said Gilbert smiling.

"Oh, you have a genius for le comfort,, I admit; but for me, look you, I am a child of the south. Sunlight is as necessary to my happiness as ——"

"As pretty women and good wine," put in M. de Fontenay. "Apropos—try my Xeres, Vicomte."

M. Docquois, who was supping his soup noisily from the end of his spoon, glanced at the sprightly Vicomte with an unpleasant smile. "You have just narrowly escaped being deprived of the materials for happiness for some time to come," he said sneeringly.

"True; but under these painful circumstances I should at least have enjoyed the consolation of your society, mon cher," the other replied quickly and coolly; "and such genial companionship might make even a prison endurable."

Gilbert raised his head with an involuntary look of surprised inquiry, which M. de Fontenay answered.

"Ah, my dear Haviland, in spite of its climate, England is a happy country," he said. "You may not have sunshine, but you have freedom; freedom, social religious and political. Every man cans peak the thing he thinks, without danger of finding himself within prison walls—as our friend here would have done, but for his timely trip across the Channel."

De Sanzac laughed and filled his glass.

"You see what a dangerous character you have for a neighbor, M. Haviland," he remarked lightly. "We make no stranger of you," he added, in a curious tone; "we know that you will not betray us."

'Oh, there is no fear of that," de Fontenay said quietly, and changed the subject.

In spite of the host's geniality and the conversational powers of one of the guests, the dinner was not a success. Gilbert felt unaccountably constrained and ill at ease, and it was a relief to him when they adjourned for cigars to the study.

The latter apartment had been built by the present tenant, and was connected with the other part of the house by a long corridor with a padded door at each end. It was a spacious but somewhat gloomy room, lined on three sides with bookshelves; it had heavy oak furniture, a wide open fireplace, and an elaborately carved chimney-piece. In a recess at one end stood an exquisite statue of Psyche, a copy from the antique; its marble whiteness gleaming coldly against the dark background.

After the warm and brilliant dining-room the place looked chill and sombre, lighted only by a shaded lamp on the reading-table, which cast a bright circle of radiance on the scattered books and papers, leaving the corners of the room in shadowy obscurity.

The discreet Luigi brought in a tray containing coffee, cognac and liquors, placed another log of wood upon the hearth (M. de Fontenay adjured both coal and gas) and retired noiselessly as he had come.

"That fellow comes and goes like a ghost," observed de Sanzac, as he rolled a fresh cigarette.

"Or like a spy," growled Docquois, giving his coffee a liberal "bracing" of cognac. "I don't like your model valet, de Fontenay He is too sly and cat-footed for me."

"Luigi? Oh, he is an excellent fellow, and the best servant in the world. But he has a trick of leaving the door open. Vicomte, you will oblige me by seeing if it is shut?"

De Sanzac glanced at him, then smiled and crossed the room to the door, which was screened by a tapestry portiere.

Gilbert fancied—it could only have been fancy—that he heard the click of a key in the lock as the young Frenchman put his hand under the curtain.

"All right," he said jauntily, coming back with his hands in his pockets. "We can talk secrets without danger of eavesdroppers."

'Oh, we are not going to talk secrets," the master of the house replied, as he pushed the cigar-stand towards Gilbert. "Though there is a little matter of business between Mr. Haviland and myself which may as well be settled now as later. I have been thinking," he continued, addressing the engraver, "that it might be more satisfactory to have our agreement about the etchings in writing. You are contented with the terms I proposed when we parted last night?"

"More than contented; they are far too liberal," said Gilbert.

"On the contrary, in accepting them you leave me your debtor," was the courteous reply, as de Fontenay opened a writing case on the table. "Then you will put your signature to this memorandum? You see," he added laughing, "I am nothing if not business-like—the result of my residence in England, I suppose."

The young man took the paper from his hand, and was about to affix his signature without looking at the contents when his friend interrupted him. "My good fellow, have I to teach you, a practical, cautious Englishman, never to sign a document without reading it? Why even our feather-brained de Sanzac would know better than that."

Gilbert laughed, and putting up his eye-glass glanced through the memorandum. "It is perfectly correct," he said, as he dipped his pen in the ink. At the same moment, the vivacious Vicomte, stretching across to reach the cognac bottle, contrived to upset his coffee, which poured in a stream across the table.

"Maladroit!" exclaimed the host, springing to his feet to avoid being inundated.

"I beg te: thousand pardons," drawled the other, who, however, did not seem to be disconcerted by his mishap.

"There is no great harm done," rejoined de Fontenay; "I will ring for Luigi presently. What has become of the memorandum?—Oh, here it is on the floor," he added, stooping to pick it up.

Without looking at it again, Gilbert signed his name and handed him the paper.

"So—that is settled," de Fontenay said with a satisfied smile, and a glance at the other two who were smiling also. "And now," he continued, "I will show you the engraving I mentioned, which you have kindly promised to copy for me. It has no particular merit as a work of art, but there are circumstances which render it particularly interesting and valuable—as my friends can tell you."

"Parbleu!" muttered Docquois, with his ill-favored smile; while the Vicomte, who seemed to have had quite as much wine as was good for him, burst into an immoderate fit of laughter.

"Interesting and valuable!" he echoed, when he could speak: "I believe you! Show me the work of art which comes up to it. But let us see this treasure, de Fontenay. Where do you keep it?—In an iron safe? In a jewelled shrine?"

"No," said the other calmly; "I keep it—in my purse," and opening his portemonnaie he drew out a folded paper which he tossed across the table to Gilbert.

The other two approached and watched the young man curiously as he bent towards the light of the lamp and examined it, holding it close to his short-sighted eyes.

He uttered an involuntary exclamation of surprise, and looked up at his friend. "You are joking, of course, he said with a smile.

"I never was more serious," replied the latter, whose face was indeed grave and stern enough now.

Gilbert glanced bewilderingly at the paper again. "But—I don't understand," he stammered. "This is a bank of England note for a thousand pounds."

"Exactly," the Frenchman rejoined; "and this is the 'engraving' which you have promised to copy in facsimile."

The young man started, and rose to his feet, his eyes dilating with a a sudden horrible suspicion. "Good heavens! you do not mean ——"

"I mean precisely what I say," de Fontenay interrupted with imperturbable calmness. "You will not deny your promise, I suppose? Here it is, in black and white. You agree to join our fraternity, and to place your professional skill at our service for a consideration, which is specified."

"That is not the paper I read."

"That is the paper you signed. See, here is your name, with the ink scarcely dry upon it."

"Then you substituted that for the other," Gilbert said quickly. "Ah!" he added with sudden enlightenment. "I understand it all now! This is the climax of a deep-laid scheme. It was for this you played the comedy of friendship, and got me into your power—to make me your tool and accomplice. I was to turn forger to oblige you! You must have been mad to think I should consent."

"It is you who are the madman if you refuse," muttered Docquois in a tone of menace there was no mistaking.

De Fon enay silenced him by a gesture.

"My dear Haviland," he said, in a voice of friendly remonstrance, "I think you scarcely understand your position. If you reflect, you will see that you have no alternative but to yield. You are at my mercy. I can ruin you without compromising myself ——"

"Before you had time to do so, I should denounce you as an imposter and a felon," struck in Gilbert, courageously,

'Excuse me, a felon I may be, but an imposter I am not. That I am a spendthrift and a gambler is pretty well known to my friends; but that I have descended to crime in order to avoid the misery and humiliation of poverty is, as yet, my own secret. Denounce me if you like, and see who will believe, on your word, that Raoul de Fontenay is a 'felon.'"

"Oh, M. Haviland will do nothing so imprudent; he will make a virtue of necessity, spoke de Sanzac, rolling a fresh cigarette. "You must not confound us with vulgar faussaires, M. Haviland; our workmen are artists in their way, and our agents belong to a rank of life which places them above suspicion. It happens that we are at present in need of an engraver, the post having become vacant through the —a—temporary retirement of one of our confreres—a retirement which Docquois and I were very near sharing by the way," he added with a laugh. "It is a brilliant opportunity for you, as we are just now breaking fresh ground, having at length succeeded in imitating the peculiar texture of the Bank of England paper; and that's the whole story. The work is simple, the remuneration munificent. You accept—yes?"

Gilbert drew a deep breath, and glanced at the master of the house, who, during his friend's fluent harangue had been standing with his arms folded.

He met the young man's eyes with a sombre smile. "Well," he said, "you do not speak. Are we to understand that you consent?"

"You are to understand," the young Englishman replied, all his nerves thrilling with excitement, "that I would rather cut off my right hand than use it in your service. And now you will allow me to go."

As he turned to leave the room, words from de Fontenay arrested him. "The door is locked and the key in my pocket," he said, deliberately.

"Open it, sir, or I will rouse the house!" said Gilbert.

"You may shout till you are hoarse; no sound will pass the walls of this room," returned de Fontenay coolly. "It was built to hold a secret, and nothing that could compromise us has ever escaped it. The grave itself is not more discreet."

Gilbert understood the veiled menace; he felt that he turned pale, but he answered in a tone of contemptuous indifference: "Your threat does not alarm me, Monsieur de Fontenay: you would scarcely be so mad as to attempt my life, knowing that if I disappeared this house would be the first place searched for me."

"It might be searched from garret to basement and no trace of you would be found, were it necessary for our safety that you should 'disappear.' See here."

He walked to the statue of Psyche, and drawing out the movable pedestal on which it stood, pressed a concealed spring in the panelled niche. Instantly a door flew open, revealing a cupboard or closet, about the height of a man, but not more than two feet deep, contrived in the thickness of the wall. Taking up the lamp, he threw its light into the recess, which contained a few papers and a small iron safe; then he glanced over his shoulder at Gilbert.

"Do you understand?" he asked, with the same dark smile. "While the police were searching for you, while pretty Jeanne was lamenting you, while your friends and enemies were putting their own construction on your disappearance, you would be here—safely gagged and bound, and left to suffocate at your leisure."

The young man gasped as if he were already suffocating. The horror of the idea overpowered him.

De Fontenay advanced a step nearer to him, lowering his voice. "And while you were lying perdu here, mon ami, it should be my pleasant task that sweet young demoiselle—not a very difficult one, I fancy. She might mourn for you at first, but she would soon learn to forget you—in my arms."

Before he could utter another word, Gilbert lifted his hand, and struck him in the face. Then, with the energy of desperation he dashed across the room, and seized the bell-rope.

Quick as he was, Docquois, who had been watching him closely, anticipated the movement, and snatched it from him. The two men struggled for a moment, when Gilbert, catching his foot in the hearth-rug, fell heavily, dragging his assailant with him. At the same instant de Sanzac uttered a nasty exclamation.

"Hush—what was that?" he breathed. "Someone is at the door!"

Docquois started to his feet; but Gilbert, whose head had struck the fender in his fall, rose with difficulty.

"Keep him quiet—do you hear?" de Fontenay said in a hurried whisper to Docquois,

His confederate nodded. Gilbert, who dazed and giddy, had sunk into a chair, felt a cold touch on his temple—the steel barrel of a revolver, which the Frenchman was holding to his head.

Who is there?" de Fontenay demanded, through the door, which was being knocked at.

"It is I, Monsieur," his valet's voice replied. "A gentleman desires to see you."

His master unlocked the door, and opened it a few inches.

"A gentleman?" he repeated; "a visitor at this hour! Who is he? What name does he give?"

"None, Monsieur. He says that he is a stranger to you, but he comes on urgent business—"

"On business so urgent that it cannot be delayed for a moment, M. de Fontenay," put in another voice; and the door was thrust open, and two strangers made a sudden irruption into the room.

"*Mille tonnerres!*" shouted Docquois; "the police!"

"Just so," replied the first speaker, a tall burly man of middle age whom Gilbert recognised as the local superintendent; "and to save you the fatigue of useless resistance I may mention that my men are here, within call, and that the house is also guarded outside, back and front. This is the man, is it not?" he continued, indicating de Fontenay, as he turned to his companion, who wore a mustache and imperial, and a tight-waisted frock-coat.

"Yes, that is our bird," the French detective replied airily, "and a knowing one he is. It has been a ticklish business to catch him; but he is in the net at last. The other two are ours also, but the third I don't know. Is he one of the gang?"

The question was addressed to Luigi, who stood in the background, an interested and attentive spectator of the scene.

"Questo e certo!—he is one of them, or he would not be here," rapied the valet, coming forward. He is an engraver, and has been at the house frequently of late."

De Fontenay turned a strange look upon his favorite servant. "So, Luigi, it is you who have betrayed me?" he said quietly.

"With profound regret, and as part of my professional duty, signor, si," the Italian answered, with his usual obsequiousness. "I did not think it necessary to say, when I entered your excellency's service,

that I was employed by the police to watch you."

"The game is up then," his master said, with a shrug.

"Yes, the game is up," Gilbert echoed, shaking off his torpor and rising; "for what your servant does not know, I can tell."

"That, by heaven, you shall not!" Docquois interposed, with a furious oath. "One spy and informer is enough for us."

He raised his revolver to Gilbert as he spoke, but de Fontenay caught his arm. "No bloodshed," he said peremptorily; "it will only make matters worse."

As the other jerked his wrist away, there was a sharp report, and de Fontenay staggered back from him, putting his hand to his side.

"You have killed him!" exclaimed de Sanzac with emotion, speaking for the first time since the detectives had entered the room; and he hurried to his friend's assistance.

"I—it is nothing," de Fontenay gasped, thought he had turned lividly pale. "If you had wished to serve me, Docquois, you would have taken better aim," he added, with a bitter smile.

"I would rather shoot myself than you, you know that," the latter answered hoarsely. "It was a miserable accident."

"To avoid further accidents, M. Docquois" said the French "agent," blandly, producing a pair of handcuffs from his pocket, "perhaps you will allow me to put on these little ornaments? *Ca y est!* You also, M. le Vicomte, if you please—thousand thanks! As to this gentleman who is English, I think we have a warrant for his arrest on Mr. Luigi's information. He—"

"Pray allow me to explain!" hastily interrupted Gilbert. "I have no connection whatever with these men; I was entrapped into their company by false—"

"You will have an opportunity of explaining all that before the magistrate tomorrow," struck in the superintendent brusquely; "in the meantime, sir, if you take my advice you will hold your tongue, and come quietly with us. Now M. de Fontenay, if you are ready—why, what's this?" M. de Fontenay had almost fallen from his chair; his hands were hanging, his head drooped on his breast.

"He is fainting!" exclaimed de Sanzac.

"He is dying," whispered the French detective with sudden gravity, as he raised the drooping face.

Luigi approached, and helped to lift his betrayed and wounded master on to the couch, loosened his cravat and unfastened his waistcoat. De Fontenay had not lost consciousness; his eyes were wide open, and unnaturally bright, but his features looked pinched and drawn, and his olive complexion had faded to an ashen pallor. Docquois stood, the image of distress.

"No cause for a long face," spoke de Fontenay to him, with a haggard smile, as he feebly strove to repulse Luigi. "You never did me a better turn than by that chance shot, Docquois, my good friend. No, don't touch me; let me die in peace. But first—" His eyes wandered round till they rested on Gilbert; then he turned, and addressed the superintendent, who was standing near the couch.

"Sir, I have a statement to make which will clear an innocent man from unjust suspicion. Mr. Haviland spoke the truth just now; he—but let it be taken down in writing," he broke off, "and quickly, for my moments are counted."

Clearly and collectively, though in a voice which grew fainter with every word, he made his confession, and affixed a trembling signature.

Then he looked wistfully at Gilbert again, and the latter crossed the room to his side.

"Haviland, will you forgive?" he faltered. "I did not mean my threats just now. Villain though I may have been, I am not a murderer; believe that."

Without a word the young man gave him his hand.

"Thanks," he said, his lips parting in a faint smile. "You are a good fellow. You deserve to be happy, and you will be happy and prosperous with—with the woman you love. Tell her for me that—"

His voice sank so low that the rest of the sentence was inaudible. "Jeanne—brune aux yeux bleus," he muttered; and with a long shivering sigh, fell back on the pillows, dead.

De Fontenay's prophecy was realised. Gilbert Haviland was happy in due course of time, and very prosperous. He is now one of the most popular illustrators of our periodical literature.

Jack and he have partly forgotten the shadows of the past. "But I can never forget the horror of that night, as you related it to me, Gilbert," she says to him sometimes, with a shudder.

"I cannot regret it, when it served to us more closely together, my darling," her husband answers tenderly. "All the same, I hope it may never again be my lot to find myself in so dangerous a strait."

An interesting correspondence concerning the reported centenary of the high silk hat, or cylinder, as it is called in Germany, is going on there. "You are mistaken," writes an artist correspondent, "in fixing the date of the first appearance of the high hat at only a century ago. Among the marginal illustrations, by Albrecht Durer, of the famous prayer book of the Emperor Maximilian, there is a man wearing a high hat, and in a book of crests and escutcheons of Jost Ammann, published in 1589, a high hat forms the crest of a nobleman. Had these hats not been worn at the period, great artists like Durer and Ammann would certainly not have painted such miserably ugly things, which are the most unsightly pieces of furniture the world has ever seen."

IN A SHOT TOWER.

WE WERE recently enabled to witness the interesting process of making shot at a tower where some tons are turned out nearly every day. The factory presents a busy scene, for not only shot but leaden commodities of every form are manufactured there. Lead pipes are being squeezed out of machines by hydraulic pressure, and are as quickly coiled on great reels by the attendant workmen. Sheets of lead are being pressed out on extensive iron tables, and rolled up on revolving cylinders; white lead is being packed away in boxes, and stacks of "pig" lead are piled up ready for use. Past all these interesting sights as we go, for our object is to witness the manufacture of shot.

At the base of the tower are two tanks of water, and one of these is in a state of splashing and turmoil, as if it were boiling. A glance upward shows that this is caused by what looks like a stream of silver rain that is falling into the water. A workman dips a long-handled iron ladle into the water and brings it out again half full of glittering shot.

"That is what you see falling into the water," he explains, "come upstairs and you will see how it is done."

The railings that guard the winding stair are grimy with leaden dust, so it is necessary to wear improvised gloves, in the shape of canvas shot bags, if we wish to retain clean hands.

Up the narrow steps we go, there being only room between the well on one side and the railings on the other for one to pass at a time. Up! up! up! the journey seems interminable. The workmen below look smaller and smaller, and above there seem to be many more steps to climb.

Just as we are about to call a "halt" for want of breath, we arrive at our destination. We have not quite reached the top, but we have come to a platform where the first process of shot making is in process.

Two men are here engaged in carrying ingots, or "pigs" of lead, from a pile against the wall, and depositing them in a great cauldron, beneath which glows a blazing furnace.

This is the melting pot.

Each ingot weighs upward of a hundred weight, but the men take them into their massive arms and place them one after another into the "pot" without any apparent effort.

The vessel is already nearly full of molten lead, and each piece of metal as it goes in seems to crumble up almost immediately and become part of the liquid mass. It is warm work for the men, and they divest themselves of their clothing to the waist, retaining only a thin jersey. Every now and then a fresh load of ingots is brought up on a chain "hoist," which extends from the top of the tower to the bottom, through a wide trap door in the floor of the platform. These ingots are first stacked against the wall, and afterwards, as required, are placed in the melting pot.

When sufficient lead has been melted, the scum that has formed on the top is taken off, and, this done, the liquid metal appears as bright as a mirror, in which you can easily see your face reflected. The scum, however, is by no means useless.

It has, in fact, a very important part to play in the process of shot making.

When it is "set" it is a spongy consistency, and lead percolating through it assumes the globular form necessary for shot.

A layer of it is placed in a sieve like pan, the bottom of which is perforated with small holes the size of the shot required. This is called the 'setting.'

The pan is then placed on a stand constructed of four upright iron posts with a frame to fit it on the top.

All being thus prepared, the shot making commences.

A workman ladles the liquid lead from the melting pot into the pan.

The molten metal very quickly percolates through the setting, and then is dimly heard a hissing sound, like the fall of rain upon water.

It is caused by the stream of leaden globules falling into the tank a hundred and fifty feet below.

It is interesting to watch the stream as it comes through the perforations at the bottom of the pan.

Drop after drop issues from each hole in rapid succession, and each drop a perfect globule.

The man with the ladle continues to pour in fresh liquid metal, and still the leaden hailstorm pours into the tank below.

It is the mild percolation of the lead, drop by drop, through the porous scum setting in the pan and again through the perforated holes that causes the metal to take a globular shape of the requisite size.

The lead is not absolutely pure, for it has an admixture of arsenic, which also gives it a tendency to run it separate drops like quicksilver.

The arsenic, which is a brittle, gray substance, is placed in the melting pot by the shovelful, and when it dissolves it gradually assimilates with the lead.

A glance through the trap door in this platform gives one an idea of the dizzy height from which the shot has to fall, so that it may be "set" before it touches the water.

The men below look small, and the silvery stream on its journey down is every now and again brightened by a ray of light from the tower windows.

The trap door is entirely unprotected, and the men pass and repass along its verge without any trepidation; sometimes even jumping across the chasm, so insensible to danger does custom make them.

"We don't notice it," remarked one of the men in answer to our exclamation of surprise; "but if we were nervous, no doubt we should fall."

In a high wind the tower rocks so much that the men sometimes nearly lose their balance. They can feel the building give a lurch to one side and then right itself again like a ship at sea.

This elasticity is said to give the tower greater safety in a gale, though it would doubtless be alarming enough to one unaccustomed to its ways.

Like Avernus, the staircase is much easier to descend than to mount.

The leaden stream is still pouring into the tank below, which now contains a mass of bright-looking shot.

When it is dry, however, this shot will soon lose its brightness, and it is by no means ready for the market yet.

The good shot has to be separated from the imperfect; for sometimes two globules have adhered together on the way down, and some of them are perhaps fractured or misshapen.

These unfortunates will be consigned to the melting pot again, while those that pass muster will have to be polished before, in some course, they find their "billet" in some feathery breast.

The shot is made in some twenty varieties of size, that of a pea being the largest, and the smallest no bigger than a pin's head.

The larger the shot the greater the distance that it is allowed to fall, for, of course, large shot takes a longer time to set than small.

The machines for separating the good shot from the bad are very ingenious.

The newly made pellets are placed in a long cylinder, which is arranged in sections of perforated holes of different sizes.

The shot is put in the end having the smallest holes, and the cylinder revolves, shaking out the smaller shot which fall into their own box.

The larger ones are shaken about till they find an outlet big enough to allow their escape, and each section of holes having its particular box the sorting is complete.

Then comes the separation of imperfect shot.

The little leaned balls run down an inclined plane, and only the perfect shot will roll straight into the box.

The others run to one side or the other, and are caught in a receptacle, from which they are taken to be again melted down.

The perfect shot are next shaken up in a drum with some blacklead, and being thus polished are packed away in bags.

What Women Like in Men.—Women, I think, like manly, not lady-like men. They like honesty of purpose and consideration. They like men who believe in women. They like their opinions to be thought of some value. They like a man who can be strong as a lion when trouble comes, and yet, if one is nervous and tired, can button up a shoe and do it with an amount of consideration that is a mental and a physical bracer-up.

They like a man who can take hold of the baby, convince it of his power and get it to sleep after they have been worrying with it, and walking with it, until their eyes are tired and they feel as if they had no brains. They like a man who is interested in their new dresses, who can give an opinion on the fit, and who is properly indignant at any article written against women.

They like a man who knows their innocent weaknesses and caters to them; who will bring home a box of candy, the last new magazine, or the latest puzzle sold on the street, that will do more than its duty in entertaining everybody for the whole evening.

They like a man who is the master of the situation—that is, who has brain enough to help a woman to decide what is the best thing to do under the circumstances, and who has wit enough to realize, when one of the fairer sex is mightily stubborn, that persuasion is more powerful than all arguments in the world.

They like a man who likes them—who doesn't scorn their opinions, who believes in their good taste, who has confidence in their truth, and who, best of all, knows that the love promised is given him. That's the sort of a man a woman likes, and every sign of satisfaction, as his virtues are mentioned, is a little prayer that says: "God bless him."

'The other night,' relates a paper, 'Mrs. Harrington, of Albany, Ga., was peeling a banana, and felt something grasp the forefinger of her right hand. On looking down she saw a big tarantula holding on by his two front legs to her finger, and endeavoring to get hold with the others, so as to be able to bite her. She shook her hand and heard him slam up against the pantry wall. The said nothing about it till next morning, when a thorough search was made for it, and the pantry swept out. But no tarantula could be found, although Mrs. Harrington, who was reared in Louisiana, where tarantulas are common, was positive that it was a regular double breasted tarantula that she had seen.'

The authorities of Des Moines are little in sympathy with the Salvation Army. The followers of General Booth recently paraded the streets with horns and drums in defiance of a municipal order. When arrested they made the court room resound with shouts and songs and prayers. But the Police Judge punished them all the same.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Somebody once asked the elder Dumas to collaborate with him. "Sir," replied the great Alexander, "one cannot yoke a horse with an ass." "Very well," was the retort; "but, M. Dumas, I cannot allow you to call me a horse."

In Paris, domestic servants are encouraged to marry, as they are observed to be more settled and more attentive to their duty than when bachelors. In London such marriages are discouraged, as rendering servants more attentive to their own families than to those of their master's.

The fame of the Bridgeport, Conn., Suicide Club, whose members have nearly all followed out the conditions that some one member shall commit suicide each year, has gone beyond this country, it seems. The President of the club, who, it is said, is at present the only survivor, last week received applications for membership from four men of Caen, France. They stated that they had been unfortunate in business and seriously contemplated the taking of their lives. According to the Springfield, Mass., *Republican*, the necessary papers have been forwarded to them.

Lieutenant Ray gives some very remarkable experiences in the Arctic regions. In excavating the frozen earth he found it harder to work than granite. Powder had no effect whatever upon it, and when a blast was inserted it would always "blow out." The drills used were highly tempered, but in a few hours at farthest the tempering was gone. He found that the extreme cold had the same effect on tempered steel as extreme heat. The steel would lose its temper, become softened, and bend easily.

There is a small boy in Belfast, Maine, who has a mania for clocks, and goes about inspecting and comparing them. He seems to be posted on the correct time, and if a clock is fast or slow, or there is anything peculiar in its appearance, he is sure to call attention to it. A jeweller, thinking to amuse him, gave him the works of a watch. He at once wanted to know where the glass was, why it didn't go, etc., and had not been gone from the store ten minutes, when, says the Belfast *Journal*, another urchin put his head in the door, and inquired: "Have you got any of them guts what goes inside of watches?"

Chinese students can be and often are as rude in their pranks as European or American ones. This was shown at a recent examination at Hanghow, when the young men were so boisterous, clinching on the examiner's table and fighting tooth and nail for each other's essays, that the high provincial authorities ordered the examiner to stop the proceedings and close the hall. On another occasion the students crowded around a district magistrate who was taking down their names as they entered the provincial capital for examination. Those who had got behind him inked his official robes and singed his peacock's feather. The hien was just turning round to shout at them, when his form was pulled from under him and he found himself suddenly seated on the ground, while the students dispersed with a shout of derisive laughter.

A woman who is a freeholder in the upper part of a Maine village has been busy for a few days past preventing an electric light company from placing a pole on her premises. A man appeared one morning early and began digging a hole. She immediately interviewed him and then issued several commands for him to leave. He did so, saying that she could "rest assured" that she would not be disturbed again for at least a week. She did not "rest assured," but began preparing hot water for the advent of the next man. He came about an hour after the departure of the first man, but the fear of being scalded prevented the progress of the work. He departed, leaving the same assurances as his predecessor, but the lady remained on the alert, and not until she had driven five men from her premises did she "rest assured" for even an hour. She consulted her neighbors on the subject, and one told her that the company could not interfere with trees. She therefore transplanted a plum tree from her garden to a spot which the electric light men had dug in their several visits. The latest reports from the scene state that the lady is now "resting assured," and the tree is thriving.

Little things that tell—Small brothers.

Our Young Folks.

MASTER CAXTON'S TEMPER.

BY B. HARRADEN.

If you ever go into the Philadelphia Library you will find amongst the specimens of very early printing several books printed by William Caxton, who, you remember, was the first to set up a printing press in England, in the year 1477. Before that date manuscripts had been copied and illuminated chiefly by monks; and you will see a great deal of their work in the same library, and, seeing it, must needs wonder at the patience and skill of those scribes of old.

Master Caxton lived and worked in the Almonry at Westminster, where he had a picturesque house next door to Dame Dotherwell,, who often worried him sadly with her scolding noise and shrill voice. But, as he sometimes said, one has to put up with something in this world, and it might just as well be Dame Dotherwell as any one else! Only he did feel a little sorry when she was particularly angry with her little serving maid Alice; and more than once he had left his work and gone in to plead for the child.

"I prithee, good dame," he said in his gentle way, "forbear, forbear. 'Tis a cowardly thing to be passionate with a child."

"Ah, Master Caxton," she answered excitedly, "'tis all very easy for you to be calm. Your dinner plates are not broken, are they? And your best silver spoon has not been dropped into the fire, has it? Oh, dear no! But I'll not forbear, Master Caxton. So you may return to your printing and your books, and I will return to my scolding. Good morrow to you."

"But Master Caxton put his hand into his pouch, and drew out a well-filled purse.

"Good dame," he urged pleasantly, "for my own part, I am willing to pay for the dinner plates, and for the silver spoon too, if you will give over scolding once, and say no more to the little maid. Come now, Dame Dotherwell, that's a bargain."

Thus urged, she consented and bedame her own pleasant self, pleasant to look at and to speak with, for she was a comely buxom dame, who knew how to dress and hold herself well, and be a credit to the memory of her dead husband, the mercer, who had been Master Caxton's good friend.

Indeed he had many friends, of the court and out of the court, and was much respected and loved, as he deserved to be, for he was of gentle and kindly bearing, honorable in all his dealings, and a hard worker to boot, being one of those who think that work gives a glory to life which nothing else can give.

So he worked untiringly in his house of the sign of the Red Pole, and we learn that even in those days people liked to have things cheap; for Master Caxton advised every man who wanted books "to come to Westmonestre, into the Almonestye at the rede pole, and he shall have them good chepe!"

And indeed so many people did come to him that Master Caxton very rarely had a moment to himself, though it is true that he found time to scold Dame Dotherwell and to plead for the little serving maid.

"Thou canst not mend the plates, child," he said to her, when he found her crying, "but thou canst mend thy ways, and then the plates will see to themselves. Now thou must promise me."

And Alice promised, being more influenced by his quiet words than by the dame's loud chiding.

But that very evening she did something to displease her mistress, and the usual storm was just beginning when Master Caxton passed by and said cheerily—

"Remember our bargain, Dame Dotherwell! Take care lest you only deserve half the number of your dinner-plates, and nothing at all of your silver spoon. But if you keep your word, good dame, I vow by my merry printing press, you shall have the costliest of silver spoons, and the finest plates in his Majesty's kingdom."

"Have done with your teasing, Master Caxton," she laughed, "and get you back to your dull old books! You may know how to print a whole dear of gibberish, but I know how to train a child. Good even to you, Master Caxton. You be very clever with your printing press, and that's all."

"Nay I shall never with my printing press, so long as you make such a to-do," he answered. "Why, the house shakes, and yonder abbey will shake too, one of these fine days. You must learn to be calm, Dame Dotherwell."

"'Tis so easy for you to be calm," she replied good-naturedly, "but, alack! the minx spoilt all my dish of supper, and burnt a hole in my Sabbath silken gown; and how can I be calm? And the chit is a right saucy chit, and you have spoilt her, Master Caxton. And what do you think? She threatens to go and tell Master Caxton. Oh, I could shake the very breath out of her saucy body. But there now, go back to your books, and I trust, Master Caxton, when misfortune comes to you, you will be quite calm."

"Ay, that I will," he answered, and he went back to his work, and was soon deep in the task of translating some Latin book which he intended to print.

And thus engaged he forgot all about Dame Dotherwell, the scolding housewife, and Alice the troublesome serving-maid. And I believe that Westminster Abbey itself might have tumbled down with a crash, and Master Caxton would barely have looked up from his writing, except perhaps to inquire whether anyone was hurt!

I think he must have been a picturesque old figure, bending over his desk, in his old-world clothes, which seem to us so quaint nowadays.

One morning Dame Dotherwell's tongue and temper were terribly agitated and she determined to dismiss her troublesome little serving-maid, and it was all in vain that Master Caxton pleaded for the child, and begged that she might have one more chance.

Dame Dotherwell would not hear a word in her favor, and she told Master Caxton that he might talk until his tongue fell out, and she would not be persuaded.

"So you hasten back to your printing press, Master Caxton," she said, "you are only wasting your own time, and mine too, for I have a deal of ironing to do, and today is baking day."

He obeyed her stern commands, and went back to his work; but somehow or other everything seemed to go wrong with him, and his apprentices were just as dull and stupid as they could be.

Then he could not find certain precious manuscripts, and he hunted for them high and low without any success; and several of his volumes of translations were missing, and two or three pictures for his book, "The Game and Playe of the Chesse," were spoilt in the printing.

I suppose bad temper is infectious, for certainly Master Caxton had caught the infection very badly. Dame Dotherwell heard a loud and angry voice, and leaving her ironing, ventured to call at the house of the "red pole."

She paused at the doorway, and heard Master Caxton cry—

"Thou churl of an apprentice, "I'll teach thee how to spoil my work. These pages of the goodly 'Canterbury Tales,' are ruined by thy carelessness, also these pictures to the 'Game of the Chesse;' and, dog that thou art, thou hast mislaid my manuscripts—yes, perhaps thou hast burnt them for all I know. I have long borne with thee, but now I'll no longer be patient. Out of my sight, churl, lest I make thee feel the weight of my hands."

A voice cried—

"Oh, Master Caxton, fie, fie! Be calm I prithee, be calm."

"Calm!" he cried, "calm, Dame Dotherwell—ah, it's all very well for you to talk; but you have not lost your manuscripts, have you? Your 'Canterbury Tales,' are not ruined, are they? Your pictures to to 'The Game and Playe of the Chesse' are not spoilt are they? Oh dear no! Go back to your ironing or your baking, Dame Dotherwell, and leave me to my scolding."

Master Caxton looked in a very excited state, for he was red in the face, and his hair was all on end, and he flung his arms about as though he wanted to knock someone down. Dame Dotherwell had a hearty good laugh.

"Well I declare, Master Caxton," she said merrily, "you're not one for keeping calm when misfortune visits you; and I'll beg you to tell me how I can do my baking and ironing when you make this noise? Fie, Master Caxton! and you are a scholar too! Come, now, I'll look for the dull books, and do you leave off storming, and smoothing your hair down, and leave off throwing your arms about like a madman, Fie, Master Caxton! you are a great deal more fiery than I am."

After a deal of coaxing and persuading, Master Caxton became calm again, and smoothed his hair down; but he kept on grumbling to himself, and saying sulkily—

"You may talk all day Dame Dotherwell, but the churl of an apprentice shall be turned out—I vow this by my merry printing-press."

"Ah, Master Caxton," she answered reprovingly, "in spite of all your preaching to me, methinks you have a nasty temper of your own. But come, now, let us make a bargain. I'll give my serving maid chit another chance if you'll do likewise to your apprentice-churl. Be persuaded, Master Caxton, and quickly too, for I fear me that my cakes will be burnt, and I must needs hurry back to my ironing. Ah, Master Caxton, even printers have tempers! Well, then, I'll not tease you further, but you must vow once more, by your merry printing-press, to keep our bargain."

And Master Caxton vowed by all his goodly books and by his merry printing-press.

And this is the only recorded instance of Master Caxton's temper.

And history does not tell us anything more about Dame Dotherwell and the little serving-maid, and the apprentice churl, and so we have no means of learning whether the bargain was kept.

But, if you will agree to answer for the good faith of Dame Dotherwell, I am sure I can answer for the good faith of her neighbor, the Printer of Westminster.

THE REDSKIN'S LEAP.

BY HENRY FRITH.

HUSH! hush! Listen! Don't you hear footsteps, Jim?" Thus whispered Mrs. Annand to her husband.

They had come to settle and farm in the Far West territory, and had hitherto managed very well. They had one child—a very pretty little girl, six years old—of whom they were devotedly fond. Her name was Rose, but she was always called "Rosebud."

James Annand rose from his chair, and listened intently.

"I cannot hear anything unusual," he replied, in his usual tone. "What are you afraid of?"

"Of the Indians, Jim," she replied. "The wretches may set upon us, and burn our ranche, steal our stock, and even murder us."

"Oh! but Mountain Goat promished that his tribe should not hurt us. I am certain he is grateful for our help to his son, who was ill, and will be friendly. No, wife; I am more afraid of the white robbers than of the redskins."

"Will the whites harm us here?" asked Mrs. Annand, as she peeped from the window. "I can see no one."

"They owe me a grudge because I had one of their gang punished, and the leader said he would revenge his comrade. They are wicked wretches, Madge, and would not hesitate to kill us all, and burn the house. Listen!"

There was somebody outside. Both husband and wife thought they heard voices whispering. The window was quietly and quickly fastened, and the shutter put up. Mr. Annand barred the stout door, and hurried in the dark to the other two rooms, to see that everything was secure and safe there. But he forgot one window!

"All is secure, and Rosebud is fast asleep," said he. "Who is there?" he cried suddenly, as a knocking at the door resounded through the dwelling-house, which was made of wood.

"Mountain Goat," was the reply. "Open, quick! have word for you; not good!"

The settler and his wife immediately recognized the voice, and admitted the Indian chief, who had much reason to be grateful to Mr. Annand.

He had defended the Indian from the attack of the whites on one occasion, and saved the chief's son; so Mountain Goat—although savage in war, and wild in his nature, a man not generally to be trusted—was very friendly with the Annands, and even with Rosebud, who was, however, rather afraid of him.

The Indian came in hastily, but quietly. He was not in war-paint, but was armed with tomahawk, spear, and shield. A mantle, or poncho, fell from his shoulders, leather leggings and mocassins completed his costume. For a moment he stood silent, and then said—

"White man, pale-face, on the war path! He comes here, rob, kill, burn! Mountain Goat swifter; run, tell his friend, Go, hide. Take her," pointing to the inner room, where Rosebud was asleep.

"We are lost!" cried Mrs. Annand. "We cannot escape. Oh, Jim! what shall we do?"

"Quick, quick!" said the redskin, while he continued to listen intently. "Pale-faces' horses are coming. Hush! you hear them!"

The noise of approaching horsemen was distinctly audible. Mrs. Annand rushed into the inner room, snatched up the child, and hurriedly dressed her. There was a pause. The mother mechanically completed her task, took all her valuables, and stole to the back door. Mr. Annand seized his rifle and revolver, and awaited the arrival of the white robbers. But they did not approach. They had caught a glimpse of Mountain Goat, and judged it prudent to remain under cover for a while, until the strength of the garrison had been ascertained. They were cowardly fellows, these robbers!

"Madge," said her husband, "I will remain and receive these men. They will not harm you and Rosebud. Go you with Mountain Goat, and I will remain. Go; save yourselves while yet there may be time."

"No, Jim," said his truly brave wife; "I will stay by you. I will be by your side while I live."

"You must go, Madge! Remember Rosebud!" Then he said, "My little darling, we must part. Oh, Rosie! I may never kiss your bonnie face again. Kiss me, pet, and go with mother."

"Daddy, mayn't I stay with you? Why did you dress me, mammy? There is Mountain Goat. He will not take me away, will he, mammy!"

"No, dear; we will go together. The Indian warrior will not hurt you. He is a brave!"

But even as she spoke the mother clasped her child closer, and shuddered.

Suddenly a yell resounded through the evening air, and several shots were fired at the window. "Pale-faces," said Mountain Goat simply. His eyes flashed, and he looked dangerous.

Meanwhile the robbers were collecting straw and wood to try to set fire to the house. All this time the redskin made no remark. He knew that if he were found in the house he would be killed even if the white people were saved, and he was thinking how he could escape.

"Mountain Goat run—save her," he said at length, pointing to the sleeping child. "Paleface robbers run too—after him—then you escape," he concluded, pointing first to Mrs. and then to Mr. Annand.

"Impossible!" said James Annand. "The paths are guarded except on the river side, which is steep."

The redskin smiled. The canon is dry," he said.

The redskin was about to leave the house when the door was suddenly attacked. At the same time some some men came through the window. There was no time to think. The parents were quickly seized and in another moment Mountain Goat would have been shot; but snatching Rosebud from the floor, he dashed through the passage and out at the back of the house. The path led through the wood. He rushed along, followed by the men, and holding his shield to protect his head, clutched the child, and leaped into the yawning chasm of the river!

Down, down he went for many feet into the canon, and fell. It was a desperate leap—but he saved the child, who was only bruised. The Indian injured his leg and could not move; so there the little girl and the redskin stayed all night until they were rescued.

How? Why, by some people—Vigilants they call them—who were on the track of the robbers. These Vigilants came up in time to rescue Mr. and Mrs. Annand but too late to save the house, which the robbers had set on fire. As soon as ever they were rescued poor Mrs. Annand went in search of her child. The men who had seen the redskin jump told the Vigilants, and some of them climbed down. At the bottom of the chasm they found Rosebud sitting crying beside the Indian, whose leg was broken. They carried the poor man and took every care of him; but he did not live long—he was greatly injured, poor fellow.

Still he was glad that he had saved little Rosebud, who had been kind to his son. Mr. and Mrs. Annand tried all they could do to save poor Mountain Goat, but he died two days afterwards, and the place where took his fatal jump is still the "Redskin's Leap."

THE present vicar of Milton Mowbray, Eng., has discontinued a venerable custom. By an old charter the vicar of the parish is authorized to sit in the church at a specified time and at a specified table and collect two pence from every married parishioner and three pence from every unmarried parishioner.

THE Yale Senior Class has received from a Tiffin (Ohio) firm a package of circulars, in which the firm offers to furnish the students with essays, compositions, debates, orations, etc., by the wholesale, at prices ranging from $3 to $25.

LITTLE MISSIONS.

BY C. T.

If you have not gold to offer,
You can give a gentle word,
That perchance may cheer the beggar
Like the singing of a bird.

Though you cannot mount the pulpit,
Creed and doctrine to expound,
You can preach a silent sermon
In life's common, daily round.

Though you cannot share the conflict,
For the just cause you can pray;
You can tread the field of battle
When the smoke has cleared away.

You can go among the wounded,
Ease a restless, dying head,
Close their eyes, and softly murmur
"Miserere" for the dead.

NATURAL GAS.

These wells at Pittsburg have now come to be regarded as some of the wonders of the world; certain it is that since their discovery the attention of the world has been attracted to the busy and favored city in whose neighborhood they exist, and for whose numerous and ever-increasing industries they supply the motive-power.

To those not familiar with the facts, as one has well said, the story of this new manufacturing facility is like a fable. It does seem almost incredible that a great community of three hundred and fifty thousand people, of whom one hundred thousand find employment in workshops, carry on all the avocations of life, where heat, fuel, or light is concerned, by the use of this invisible vapor, furnished by nature, and distributed by pipes to dwellings, factories, warehouses, schools, churches; and the city transformed thereby from one of the smokiest, gloomiest, dirtiest of the country to one of the cleanest and brightest, by its use, in something over two years. It seems almost a leaf out of the "Arabian Nights" or some other fairy-story volume.

Although found in smaller quantities at greater distances, the principal supply of gas seems to be confined within a radius of fifteen to thirty miles from Pittsburg.

Its temperature, when proceeding directly from the wells, is about forty-five degrees, its pressure from two to four hundred pounds to the inch, although some have known it to reach a pressure of eight hundred pounds.

As may be inferred from these figures, it rushes upwards from the bowels of the earth with a tremendous and almost uncontrollable force.

Its roar, as it shoots forth in a solid column of flame to the height of fifty feet from a fresh tapped well, is said to be deafening, and can be heard at a distance of six miles.

The gas is found in certain formations at a depth varying from seventeen hundred to two thousand one hundred feet.

How was this mysterious product of nature formed? On this point there are two leading theories; one, that it is the result of the distillation of the fern-formed resinous plants of the Devonian age, the gas from which became stored in the sand rocks and fissures that form the tanks from which it is now released.

Another is, that it is the result of the percolation of interior springs and surface rain fall through the earth's crust, the water becoming impregnated in its passage through carbon and slate formations with their qualities, and reaching a certain depth by that slow percolation the heat of the earth evokes from such water a gas.

A similar or identical gas is known to have issued from the same wells for more than century. In the State of New York it has been burning in wells for fifty years.

At East Liverpool, on the river Ohio, some thirty or forty miles from Pittsburg, it has been used for manufacturing purposes for twenty-five years; and also in West Virginia, the wells show little or no decrease in pressure.

It is well known that many of these wells have become exhausted or decreased in their pressures. But on being examined, it has been found that it was not from any exhaustion of gas, but from a clogging up of the pipes or in the inflowing of salt water.

The gas has a tendency to deposit a substance in the casing similar to a salt or paraffin, which fills up the pipe, which being removed, the flow resumes at its usual volume.

As far back as 1875 the Pittsburg natural gas was utilized to a limited degree in two iron mills; but it was not until 1884 that a company was formed on a large scale for the systematic introduction of the gas into the city for practical purposes.

At the present time there are eight such companies in Pittsburg; and in addition to hundreds of miles of pipe conveying the gas from the wells, there are over two hundred miles of pipe to convey the gas to the consumers laid under the street of Pittsburg and Allegheny.

All this has been accomplished in a little over two years; and it is said that there is virtually not a workshop or dwelling to which pipes can be run from the mains where it is not the only fued used, and represents a displacement yearly of about four hundred thousand tons of coal, as nearly as could be estimated.

The pipes referred to are of wrought iron, with a diameter of from six to fifteen, and in some cases twenty-four inches.

With a view of furnishing the reader with an adequate idea of the amount of work accomplished by the combined efforts of the several Gas Companies referred to above, it will be sufficient to adduce the following facts relative to those of one of them, the Chartiers Valley Gas Company, which is said to possess the largest line in the world for the conveyance of natural gas, which is twenty miles in length! Before the large line was constructed, the Chartiers Valley Company could deliver eighty-five million cubic feet of gas every twenty-four hours. The new line will deliver alone in round numbers the almost incredible amount of one hundred million cubic feet every twenty four hours, making a total of one hundred and eighty-five million cubic feet per day. This amount of natural gas will do the work of seven thousand five hundred and thirty tons of coal, to transport which it would take every day five hundred and two cars, holding fifteen tons each, which would make a train over three miles long.

Lastly, a word as to the uses to which natural gas can be applied. Seeing that it can be conveyed anywhere with the greatest ease, and with the minimum of expense, it can be applied to every conceivable purpose under the sun which is concerned, whether remotely or directly, with light and heat. The range from iron furnaces to asparagus beds is wide, yet in the latter instance it has been utilized, the result producing that vegetable in the open air in February. This was simply by running pipes along the beds with orifices every eight or ten feet for the escape of the gas, which being ignited, created such a summer atmosphere as caused the agricultural result cited. If asparagus, why not other vegetables, and in winters dreariest months? It does not seem impossible to thus create an atmosphere of tropical productiveness. This seems to border on romance; yet go to one of new struck wells and feel the heat; see the grass flourishing in winter as in summer, trees budding, flowers blooming, and recall this practical application of gas just cited, and there seems more of fact than nonsense in a possibility that it will be used in agriculture as well as manufacturing.

Grains of Gold.

Troubles, like babies, grow larger by nursing.

The world is his who can see through its pretension.

He has half the deed done who has made a beginning.

To-morrow is a satire on to-day, and shows its weakness.

Repentance is the last advantage which a man reaps for his fault.

Simplicity of character is the natural result of profound thought.

Pleasure is the flower that fades; remembrance is the lasting perfume.

Every beginning is cheerful; the threshold is the place of expectation.

We mingle in society, not so much to meet others as to escape ourselves.

Moral supremacy is the only one which leaves monuments, not ruins, behind it.

He is best served who has no occasion to put the hand of others at the end of his arm.

Self is the great anti Christ and anti God in the world, that sets itself up above all else.

Wickedness consists in the very hesitation about an act, even though it be not perpetrated.

Why should sorrow be eternal? Men surely weary of pleasure, why should they not weary of sorrow.

Femininities.

It is not the great, but little good haps which make up happiness.

When a girl elopes with her coachman, some other man is saved from getting a mighty poor wife.

The girl students of the Fort Edward Institute, Troy, N. Y., have organised two base ball teams.

An Allegheny woman has given birth to twins weighing together only one and a quarter pounds.

A skilful cork-cutter can produce from 1500 to 2000 corks a day, his only tools being two sharp knives with broad blades.

Amelie Rives, who was recently prostrated in Paris by a serious illness, is said to be completely restored and at work once more.

The late Senator Beck's wife, who died recently, was at the time of her death the nearest living relative of George Washington.

Mrs. General Grant is said to have a failing for candy. A box of bonbons can always be found on her desk when she is at work.

It is reported that nine out of every ten young women in Hackettstown, N. J., are troubled with some peculiar eye disease necessitating the use of spectacles.

There is a craze in London for queer leather. Some shops are stocked with fancy articles made from the skins of all sorts of beasts, reptiles and fishes, including pelican skins.

School teachers in Brooklyn can now lose 15 days a year through sickness without having anything deducted from their salaries, the Board of Education having decided to that effect.

Friend: "Well, Ethel, how do you like married life?" Ethel, enthusiastically: "It's simply delightful! We've been married a week, and have had eight quarrels, and I got the best of it every time."

She was impatient. "M m my d-d-dear. I-I-love you! W-w-will you be—" began Mr. M. Pediment. "That will do," replied the proud beauty. "I do not care to be wooed on the instalment plan."

Jacob Tuttle, of Alton, N. H., and Mrs. Mrs. Sallie Kennett, of East Madison, twins, celebrated their 83d birthday anniversary a few days ago. They are both in good health. Their mother died at 81, leaving 96 grandchildren.

"George," she said, after she had promised to be his wife, "please don't announce our engagement until next week." "Why not, darling?" he asked, tenderly. "Because I'm going to the theatre with Harry on Friday night."

The fashion in smelling-bottles just at the present time is of gold in the exact similitude of a flower, and is heavily enameled in colors to represent the rose-bud in all its beauty; in the very centre a tiny rose is worked out in small pearls.

Not in need of it. Physician, reflectively: "H'm! The case is one, I think, that will yield to a mild stimulant. Let me see your tongue, madam, if you please." Husband of patient, hastily: "Doctor, her tongue doesn't need any stimulating!"

Miss Elizabeth Bisland, who recently made a rapid trip around the world, left a valuable piece of jewelry in England in her hurry. A friend sent it back to her by mail, and she obtained it from the customs authorities by proving that it was personal property.

"Hands off," said a sign on the Brooklyn Bridge recently. "Let's be fresh and put our hands on," said the newly-made bridegroom from Flatbush, L. I., to his blushing bride. But the bridegroom was not nearly as fresh as the light brown paint, which clung to his lavender kid gloves with a dull, sickening cling.

Mr. Blunder: "My dear Miss Noyes, I hope you won't refuse to sing at our entertainment next week. We are all counting on you, you know." Miss Noyes: "Really, Mr. Blunder, I would rather not. Everybody expects so much from one who is studying." Mr. Blunder: "Oh, I assure you, no one will expect anything."

When the average man or woman comes to be fitted with the first pair of glasses some curious discoveries are made. Seven out of ten have stronger sight in one eye than the other. In two cases out of five one eye is out of line. Nearly one-half the people are color-blind to some extent, and only one pair of eyes out of every fifteen are sound in every respect.

In one of the upper counties of Michigan a woman with one child was snubbed by a woman with seven children. The one-horse—one-child woman, we mean—took her little dear to Wisconsin, exposed him to the whooping cough, and then returned and pushed him through the line fence. The seven children now whoop, yell, cough and kick, and the mother says she had rather been struck by lightning.

A good story is told of a wedding in a Methodist church whereat a prominent divine who was to officiate, finding himself and congregation in the church considerably in advance of the bridal party, finally asked that some one should strike up a hymn to improve the time. A good brother started off, just as the bridal party entered the church, with the hymn beginning "Come on my partners in distress!"

Anna C. Brackett, who has been searching into the subject, says that previous to the time of Richard II all the English women who rode at all rode like men. Richard married Anna of Bohemia, the eldest daughter of Charles IV, Emperor of Germany, and it is to her that we owe the introduction of the side saddle. It is stated that she was deformed, and, therefore, could not ride with ease on the usual saddle.

Three enterprising ladies in New York have started a restaurant for the exclusive use of ladies, which they have called "The Dorothy." It is centrally placed, in order to be available for the business young lady, as well as the country cousin who is shopping, and pupils at studios, etc. The tariff is extremely moderate. For 15 cents a dinner is served between 11 and 3 o'clock, which comprises the choice of two joints, two vegetables and bread.

Masculinities.

Every man has a fool streak; it is only a matter of giving him opportunity to show it.

Jones: "So Wantrox didn't marry for beauty?" Brown: "No; he married for booty."

Isaac Pratt, of Bennington, Vt., has been trapping Green Mountain bears off and on for half a century, and is still at it.

The Prince of Wales has become charmed with the typewriting machine. He has ordered a number of them for his secretaries.

Indian ink is made in some unkown way from burnt camphor. The secret is known only to the Chinese, and they refuse to reveal it.

It is remarkable how quickly a man who "never reads the paper" will "have his attention called" to a little item referring to himself.

A resident of Hartford, Conn., who is "stone deaf," declares that recently by the aid of an ear trumpet he heard a heavy clap of thunder.

A man in St. Augustine, Fla., hearing a strange noise in his fireless stove, lifted the lid, when an owl hopped out. It had come down the chimney.

Russell A. Alger landed in Detroit at the close of the war without a cent. He now owns 300 square miles of pine land in Michigan, and is worth $20,000,000.

King Humbert of Italy receives, it is said, at least 40 prescriptions a week for dyspepsia. Some of them come from most remote quarters of the globe.

Thomas Towndrow, a reporter on the New York Tribune, celebrated his 80th birthday a few days ago. He began reporting for Horace Greeley in 1841.

Miss Kewt, who wants to bring him to the point: "I think some old bachelors are horrid!" Mr. Bacne: "What about present company?" Miss Kewt: "Present company always excepted."

George White, a Washington bicyclist, while taking a spin a few evenings ago was dashed against a telegraph pole with a force that may kill him, the machine having slipped and "doubled up."

Travers, to tailor: "You'll have to measure me over this time; I guess I've grown some lately." Tailor: "You must be mistaken, sir. The last time I called on you you were shorter than ever."

A plucky gambler in Baltimore being caught in a police raid, and unable to run owing to his being legless, jumped to the ground from a second-story window, and almost succeeded in making his escape.

Yan Phou Lee, a Chinaman who was graduated from Yale College, and who married a rich American girl, has been sued for divorce by his wife. He claims that it is a case of "overmuch mother-in-law."

Bacon: "A man never steals anything but he lives to regret it." Egbert: "You're wrong there, my boy. Didn't you ever steal a kiss from your girl in your younger days?" "Yes, old man, I did. But didn't I marry the girl?"

Think of the Fiji Islanders reading Homer! Thirteen years ago they devoured their last man, and now—according to the author, who has put four books of the Odyssey into Fijian trochaic tetrapody—they show a lively interest in intellectual food.

Mr. Thomas B. Catron, of Santa Fe, N. M., has become the owner by purchase of the valuable library of 3000 volumes formerly owned by Father Augustine Fischer, late private secretary of the Emperor Maximilian. He bought the collection in the City of Mexico.

He: "I can't imagine what's become of my razor. Have you seen it, my dear?" She: "It's in the kitchen, Harold, and I'll go right now and fetch it myself. Bridget was so careless as to lose the can opener last night, and I—why, whatever is the matter, dearest!"

It is now a French law that every child born in France of a foreign father likewise born in France is a French citizen; while the child born in France of a foreigner, no matter where born, is a French citizen if domiciled there at the time of his majority, unless he formally decline to be so regarded.

George: "Have you and wifie decided yet what to name baby?" Jack: "N-o, not quite; but the list of 300 names, which my wife picked out, has been reduced to 179." George: "Well, that's making progress, anyhow." Jack: "Y-e-s; but you see about half of the 300 names were for another kind of a baby."

Johnny: "Pa, pinch Mr. Green now, will you, before I go to bed?" Freshly, of the Stock Exchange, who is entertaining Mr. Green, a future victim: "What do you mean, Johnny?" Johnny: "Why, I heard you tell ma this noon that we must be very agreeable to Mr. Green, because you were going to pinch him pretty soon."

"I landed a cargo on the wharf of a Turkish town not far from Constantinople," said an old sea-captain. "It was towards evening, and I suggested to the Mohammedan gentleman in charge of the quay that a guard be placed over the goods. 'Have no fear,' he said, stroking his beard, 'there is not a Christian within forty miles!'"

The library of Cornell University possesses an oriental manuscript written on palm leaves, consisting of 195 strips or leaves, each seven by one and a quarter inches, fastened together by a cord passing through a hole in the centre of each leaf. The writing is done on each side of the leaves by etching the characters with a sharp instrument on the palm leaves, which have been afterward rubbed over with a black pigment.

The Yankee in France.—The American traveler in France ridicules the hot water bootwarmers and the whistle on the locomotive, and bewails the absence of ice water and the peripatetic newsboy. The railway ticket is in his eyes preposterously small, and the inability of the railway employes to understand questions put to them in English is convincing evidence to him of the inferiority of Frenchmen to Americans.

Recent Book Issues.

"Ekkenard" is a tale of the Tenth Century, translated from the German of Joseph Von Scheffel. While it has all the interest as to plot and characters of the novel, it incidentally introduces a lot of most curious and entertaining information concerning life in all its aspects in the middle age. Thus it makes the story a vehicle for historical social and other facts, that are as valuable as they are pleasant to read. In two nicely printed volumes. Published by Gottsberger, New York. For sale by Porter & Coates.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The English Illustrated Magazine for April has very readable papers on "Rowing at Oxford," by W. H. Grenfell, and "Rowing at Cambridge," by R. C. Lehmann, which will be read with interest by the crews of our colleges and all who are attracted to the sport as practised by collegians on this side of the water. "Social Life in Bulgaria," is described brightly and edifying by J. D Bourchier. "Seals and Sealskins" is the subject of a remarkably readable paper by Willoughby Maycock. "A Glimpse of Highclere Castle," by Eliza beth Balch, discourses pleasantly of the beautiful park and the home of the Earl Carnarvon. "The Ring of Amasis," by the Earl of Lytton, is continued. The illustrations are copious and admirable, as usual. Published by Messrs. Macmillan & Company.

The Cosmopolitan for May has a striking and attractive table of contents. All the prose articles, with one or two exceptions, are illustrated, as follows: "Artist and Art Life in Munich," by Prof. E. P. Evans, of Munich; "Marie Baashkirtseff," by Kasimir Dzickonska; "The Thieves of New York," by Richard Wheatley; "Mouching," by Dewy Bates; "The Gymnasium of a Great University" (Harvard) by Dr. S. Sargent; the second installment of Miss Bisland's "Flying Trip Around the World;" "A Modern City's Factors of Growth," by J. B. Walker; "At the Home of a Corean Gentleman," by Col. Challis Long; "The Rise of the Tall Hat," by Edw. Hamilton Bell; "The Duc de Morney" by Mollie Elliot Sewell; and "A Schnatterndorf," a posthumous story by Porte Crayon. One of the unillustrated papers is "Southern Problems," by Henry Watterson; Murat Halstead has a "Review of Current Events," and Rev. E. E. Hale discusses "Social Problems." Poetry, book reviews, etc., complete a strong number. Published in New York.

IN LEAGUE AGAINST BACHELORS.—All women are in league against the bachelor—the married women from sympathy with their unmarried sisters and the unmarried from a desire to lessen the number of spinsters. With this league against him, offensive and defensive, the unmarried man may find peace in heaven but he can scarce hope to find happiness on earth—this side of marriage. However, once married, all the bachelor's trouble are over. He is no longer the subject of interested or designing attentions—except the attentions which proceed from love.

"True, the bachelor becomes on his marriage, if not an object of commiseration to the knowing ones, an object of comparative indifference to all women but one; but the superior love of that one atones for all, and his added dignity and completeness as a man and citizen make him wonder how he previously existed as one-half of a pair of scissors without the other half," says a writer who is evidently neither a bachelor nor a henpecked husband, if a man.

NEXT!—A Buffalo newspaper is responsible for the following contribution to ever increasing list of stories about animals: In a certain family in Buffalo there is a caged roben who has been the household pet for ten years. The robin is now aged. He has lost all his teeth and one eye, and his plumage wouldn't be looked at twice by a milliner. His legs are weak and so are his toes, and he can no longer cling to his perch and warble hilariously. So he sits on the floor of his cage, and, like the dove in the song, mourns and mourns and mourns.

At any rate he did until a few days ago, when a cardinal bird was put in a cage with him. The cardinal bird is in the heyday of youth, and from the first he cast a pitying eye on his aged companion.

After obsecving him a while it occurred to him that he might fill up some of his spare time waiting on him. So he now takes the bread and things that are put in the cage and moistens them and rolls into wads or pellets and rams them down the robin's oesophagus.

PLAYING CARDS.

It is surprising the great number of playing cards that are used. One factory alone, in Ohio, turns out an average of 30 000 packs a day. The owner attributes the present great demand principally to the progressive euchre craze, and says that the Americans are the greatest people on the globe for amusements at cards. A reporter of a Cincinnati paper, who visited the establishment, was told in answer to numerous queries about the ways of manufacturing the cards: "Much of the process is a secret with us, but still I can tell and show you a great deal. The bristol cardboard for making the cards consists of two sheets glued together by being passed between two immense rollers. The cardboard must then be dried, pressed, glazed and prepared for further work. The cardboard is prepared in sheets large enough to contain a whole pack of playing cards."

"What's this?" asked the newspaper man, as he saw a large revolving machine turning out endless—or seemingly so—rolls of white paper with one side printed the color of variously figured calico.

"It's the process of printing the paper which is to be pasted on the back of cheap playing cards. "It's printed just as calico printing is done. All, or nearly all, cheap playing cards have a calico-colored back This lengthy strip of calico-colored paper is subsequently cut into sheets about three feet in length to correspond to the sheets of bristol cardboards."

"Are the various colors on cards printed on the cardboard?"

"Sometimes. See this glazed face on the sheets of cardboard? Well, it is now ready for printing. The printing is a fine art, too, as so many colors are often put on at one impression. After being printed the sheets are dried and then sent to the cutting machines to be cut into strips as wide as a playing card is long. These strips are carefully assorted, measured and then passed to the 'punchers,' or machines which 'punch' or cut out the separate cards, every one of which must be punched separately, great care being necessary in order that the punching is done accurately, otherwise the margin of the cards will not be true and they will present an ugly appearance. The punching is a wonderful process and the machines which do it are almost human-like in their motion and dexterity."

SENSIBILITY.—It is questionable whether great sensibility is a curse or a blessing. But it is certain that it makes us uneasy and fretful and worry over little things which were not intended to harm us or for no purpose to make us feel badly and dissatisfied.

There is more in the world to be endured than enjoyed. As regards others, it is reasonable to suppose that those who have the finest feelings have the most benevolence, but experience does not so warrant in regard to practical benevolence, for it will usually be found that persons of great sensibility are of all human beings the most selfish and least to be depended upon.

Their sense of pain and sense of enjoyment being stronger, are more apt to master their reason; and whenever sensation has the mastery of reason, the qualification of self and the present are sure to prevail, though their feeling for others may be greater than that of ordinary persons, it is overcome in a still greater degree by their feeling for themselves. There is another sort of men not very different in practice, though somewnat different in kind—those of whom it is commonly said, that they are nobody's enemies but their own.

They are nobody's friends but their own, and have not the wisdom to be even that to any good purpose.

If we are in health, peace and safety; without any particular or uncommon evils to affect our condition; what more can we reasonably look for? Will any future situation make us happy, if now we imagine ourselves miserable?

In judging of others, let us always think the best, and employ the spirit of charity and candor. But in judging of ourselves, we ought to be exact and severe. To enjoy peace and happiness of mind we should contribute all in our power to make others peaceful and happy. L. G. W.

THE HORSE'S SENSE OF SMELL.—The following shows how very keen indeed must be the horse's sense of smell: "The horse will leave musty hay untouched in his bin, however hungry. He will not drink of water objectionable to his questioning sniff, or from a bucket which some odor makes offensive, however thirsty. His intelligent nostril will widen, quiver and query over the daintiest bit offered by the fairest of hands, with coaxings that would make a mortal shut his eyes and swallow a nauseous mouthful at a gulp.

A mare is never satisfied by either sight or whinny that her colt is really her own, until she has a certified nasal certificate to the fact. A blind horse, now living, will not allow the approach of any stranger without showing signs of anger not safely to be disregarded. The distinction is evidently made by his sense of smell and at a considerable distance. Blind horses, as a rule, will gallop wildly about a pasture without striking the surrounding fence. The sense of smell informs them of its proximity.

Others will, when loosened from the stable, go direct to the gate or bars opened to their accustomed feeding grounds, and when desiring to return, after hours of careless wandering, will distinguish one outlet and patiently await its opening. The odor of that particular part of the fence is their pilot to it. The horse in browsing, or while gathering herbage with its lips, is guided in its choice of proper food entirely by its nostrills. Blind horses do not make mistakes in the diet."

THE DRUG CLERKS.—"There is one thing you ought to take into consideration when you talk about us; we have never struck. I read the statement of one of the proprietors that he could go out in the street and whistle and get all the clerks he wanted. I don't doubt it. But I fancy that if you were sick you would rather not have your medicine put up by a clerk who had been whistled in like a dog. And there is another fact about drug clerks—they are about the only clerks that I know of who have not some sort of protective union. Do you know why that is? You never saw a drug clerk in your life who didn't expect that at some time or other he would have a store of his own. This is not true of all clerks in other lines of business. The drug clerk must, therefore, take as much interest in his employer's business as the employer himself. The clerk knows that his employer is doing well. I need not tell you there is money in the drug business. The clerk wants to get where the employer is, some day. And when he does he will make his clerk work as long as he works now. Now if the carpenters and other fellows who are out would take this bit of policy or philosophy, or whatever you chose to call it, and apply it to their cases there wouldn't be so much kicking. The cold fact is we are all reaching for that rung of the ladder that will help us get to the top."

THE BLACK COCKROACH, the royal Bengal tiger of cockroaches, has made his appearance in Brooklyn, and there is much uneasiness among housewives there in consequence. "This cockroach," says the New York *Journal*, "is a brunette, but he can be distinguished from the Croton bug in other ways. He is many times larger, and is reported to be even more voracious than a goat. A Brooklyn man, who has never given us defective information, adds some other points of interest. He says the black cockroach can no more be exterminated than the Canada thistle, and is more absolute about the house than a servant girl. Horsemen refer to him as the English Percheron, or heavy draught cockroach. If they take a fancy to your house you might as well move out. You cannot reason with them, nor can you kill them with a shotgun."

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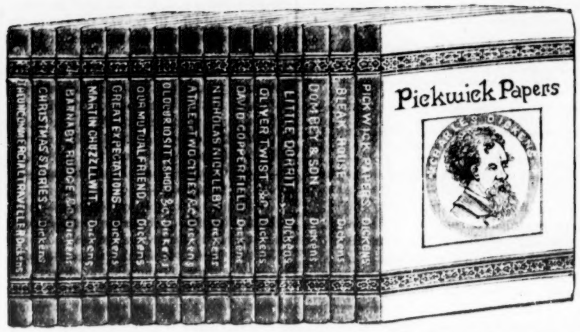

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The Saturday Evening Post,

726 Sansom St., Philadelphia. Pa.

Humorous.

THE OLD MAN.

While mothers are in every clime
Extolled in verse from time to time,
Who plods along with nary a rhyme?
Your father.

Who is it puts the key at night
Beneath the mat, just out of sight,
And in the hallway leaves a light?
Your father.

And when you seek the burlesque show
And want a seat in the front row,
Who got the last an hour ago?
Your father.

Who goes along out to the track
And puts up when for cash you lack,
And with you cheerily walks back?
Your father.

Who, when the pot is nice and fat,
Soon lays your self-esteem out flat,
And wins with seven high held pat?
Your father.

And when your head begins to grow,
Who is it warns you to go slow,
And tells you lots you didn't know?
Your father.

—W. Post.

All work and no play—Learning the piano.

What is it you must keep after giving it to another—Your word.

Many a man who is a good shot in this world hopes to miss fire in the next.

He: "Darling, will you love me when I'm gone?" She: "Yes, if you are not too far gone."

"Have you read the Bible much, Miss Knowall?" "Oh, yes, I have read it from Genesee to Revolution."

"What is the difference between a mush room and a mouse?" "Why, one maketh cat-sup and the other maketh the cat's-supper."

Wife grossing with neuralgia: "Oh, how my jaw aches! It almost drives me crazy!" Husband significantly: "Think of me, my dear."

"Won't your come into my parlor?" said the spider to the fly. "Yes," answered the fly, "but I don't want to go into the dining-room."

"You are too hard on Mr. Smith-nt. You should treat him with more of the milk of human kindness." "He'd churn it into butter and sell it if I did."

Grandma: "I can't hear you, Georgie. Speak louder."

Georgie, aged 4: Why don't you wear specs on your ears?"

She: "Harry, you would make a poor soldier." He: "A poor soldier! Why, Maude?" She: "Because you don't seem to know how to use your arms."

A householder, in filling up his census schedule, under the column, "where born?" described one of his children "born in the parlor," and the other "up stairs."

Mrs Simpson: "So your servant has run off? How foolish in her to leave a good home like this. Don't you think she'll regret it?" Mrs. Simpson: "Yes; my husband went with her."

Shocked mother: "Oh you bad boy! I've just heard you were fighting with that boy next door. Don't you ever quarrel with him again." Small son: "I ain't likely to. He kin lick me."

Citizen: "What are you doing with that man?" Policeman: "I've just arrested him." Citizen: "But he's as deaf as a post." Policeman: He'll get his hearing before the magistrate."

Artist: "Oh, you think the back ground's 'beastly,' do you. Perhaps the cattle are 'beastly,' too, though I flatter myself—" Friendly Artist—"Oh, no, my dear fellow; that's just what they are not."

One person in each locality can earn a good-sized bag of gold at work for us during the next few months. Some earn $20 a day and upwards, and all get grand wages. No one can fail who follows our directions. All is new, plain and easy. Experience not necessary. Capital not required. We start you. Either sex, young or old. You can live at home, giving work all your time or spare time only. One person has earned $207 during past few months; you can do as well. No room to explain here. Full particulars and information mailed FREE to those who write us at once. Better not delay if you want work at which you will be sure of earning a large sum of money every month. STINSON & CO., Box 599, PORTLAND, MAINE.

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That instantly stops the excruciating pains, allays Inflammation and cures Congestion, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs by one application. If seized with threatened

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Or any inflammation of the internal organs or mucous membranes, after exposure to cold, wet, &c., lose no time, but apply Radway's Relief on a piece of flannel over the part affected with congestion or inflammation, which will in nearly every case check the inflammation and cure the patient, by its action of counter-irritation and by equalizing the circulation in the part. For further instruction see our "directions" wrapped around the bottle.

A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Croups, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Flatulency and all Internal pain.

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CURED IN ITS WORST FORMS,

CHILLS AND FEVER.

FEVER and AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Fifty cents per bottle.

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Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

The Great Blood Purifier,

For the Cure of all Chronic Diseases.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Syphilitic Complaints, etc., (see our book on Venereal, &c.; price twenty-five cents), Glandular Swelling, Tumors, Bronchitis, Consumption, Diabetes, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaints, etc.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in teaspoonful doses, while others require five or six times as much. Sold by druggists. Price, $1

RADWAY'S PILLS,

The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidney, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

Price 25 cts per box. Sold by all druggists.

PERFECT DIGESTION will be accomplished by taking Radway's Pills. By so doing Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

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DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach, and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases. Take the medicine according to directions, and observe what we say in "Health and True" respecting diet. A few extracts from the many letters we are constantly receiving:

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Hiram Cornish, Trumbull Corners, N. Y.: Your medicines are worthy of the highest praise. Have used them over ten years."

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Inventors of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. Over the crown of the head.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also Dollard's Regenerative Cream, to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov. 29, '88 Norwich, Norfolk, England.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.
I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.
NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best Wash I have ever used.

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I have used constantly for more than twenty-five years, "Dollard's Herbanium," for removing dandruff and dressing my hair, also for the relief of nervous headaches. I have found it a delightful article for the toilet, and cheerfully testify to the virtues claimed for it. I would not be without it.

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AVOID Inferior Imitations. BE SURE your Corset is stamped GOOD SENSE. Send for Circular.

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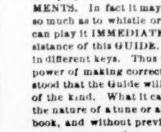

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This Can Be Done by Means of the

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 2's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Latest Fashion Phases.

The present tendency of fashion toward naturalness in form and design may be accepted, at least for the present, as strong and absolute, nor does it seem likely, with the taste for art and the general knowledge which the masses are gaining of correctness in style and out-line, that the wheel of time will ever in its ceaseless revolutions bring back the immense expansion of hoops or the frightful deformity of the bustle.

Where a fashion takes such a hold of its followers that it descends to the most minute details, revolutionising underwear, and adapting every separate article of custom to one idea, then we certainly have reason to hope that it is destined to a more or less continued existence. For then the great business and mercantile interests become involved in its permanent acceptance, machinery employed in supplying great demands is modified in accordance with the new regulation, and such ponderous bodies can only be moved at certain intervals. The entire catalogue of women's garments has gradually undergone this transformation.

A few years ago yards and yards of muslin or linen were gathered and tucked and gauged into clumsy articles of underwear which effectually destroyed all natural grace and outline. Now there is little superfluous material to be found among even the plainest and simplest of ordinary garments. They incase the form very snugly, hampering no limbs, and yet they have almost a tailor fit. This change did not take place in an instant nor a month.

It took many seasons to accomplish it and it is years since the first attempt was made to bring about this result. When a tide in fashion as well as other affairs sets strongly in one direction it is useless to try to attempt to turn it. It must reach its flood. Fashions may therefore be considered pretty well settled for a year to come.

It is often the prettiest and most graceful women who wear the simplest gowns. They are aware that certain gifts of nature enable them to set forth what they wear rather than be adorned by it. Such simplicity we have seen very much of of late, and needs no description. Of the more sophisticated toilets, some of the most successful are of drap d'ete adorned with costly passementerie, and frequently combined with lustrous corded silk. Foulard bengaline, India cashmere silk-warp clairette, and real French chaille play a prominent part among the gowns prepared for wear at summer resorts. One model of creamery white foulard is strewn with pink-tipped daisies. The seams are bound with ribbon in such a way that every movement will show the line of color among the white. The large hat on suite with this is trimmed with daisies.

White gowns grow yellow if left to hang uncovered. Make bags for them, and for your silks and velvets as well. Seal-skin retains its beauty for a greater length of time if kept if kept in the dark free from dust. To make the most successful bags for these purposes use light calico which has no fuzz and washes easily. Sew the breadths together, leaving the top and bottom open. Sew hooks and eyes to the bottom and run a shirr string in the top. The gown should first be put on a wire arm, and the bag drawn over it and fastened at the bottom with the hooks and eyes; then draw the string over the arm, leaving the loop by which it is hung up, uncovered. If the garment is white or delicate in color, put a cake of wax in the bag to prevent it turning yellow. To keep steel and all oriental embroideries from tarnishing fill a small bag with camphor-gum and hang in the larger bag. If left uncovered it stains whatever it comes in contact with.

On the principal that "all's well that ends well," the appearance of a woman's feet is of supreme importance. Treat your shoes tenderly. Have one pair sacred to rainy weather, for rubbers ruin fine leather. Avoid varnish and blacking of all kinds, and substitute vaseline. First, rub your shoes with a piece of old, black silk, then apply the vaseline with a soft, black kid glove. If you insist on your dressmaker facing your gowns with velveteen instead of braid, you will lessen your shoemaker's bills, and be saved from the purple blemish on the instep caused by the movements of the skirts in walking.

When buttons come off don't hunt up old shoes and use the shabby buttons, but invest five cents in a card of shining black beauties and have them ready for emergencies. One old button spoils the style of a shoe. Gaiters are charitable things and cover a multitude of defects. Half-worn boots will last a long time under their kindly protection. Now is a good time to buy them, and in most shops you can get a pair for $1.65.

To save your evening shoes and slippers invest in a pair of white fleece-lined arctic boots, which will cost $2, but save ten times that amount in carriage hire and medicine, not to mention the shoes themselves. After removing your shoes put them in correct position by pulling up the uppers and lapping the flap over and fastening one or two buttons. Then pinch the instep down to the toe, bringing the fullness up instead of allowing it to sag down into the slovenly breadth of half worn foot gear. A boot that is kicked off and left lie where it falls, or is thrown into the closet, will soon lose shape and gloss.

Black straw and chip hats, which promise to be worn so much this season, can be kept in shape and color by brushing, when well dusted, with shoe polish. Every hat and bonnet should have its separate box, and be covered with a silk handkerchief to protect from the dust and light.

Gloves should never be rolled into a wad or left lying inside out. Pull off slowly and stretch each finger to its full length. Mend every minute rip with glove thread and needles which come especially for the purpose. Wrap each pair in tissue paper and keep in a long box, without folding.

Lace is used in great abundance to trim light-weight silks, and either matches the main color running through the fabric or is black.

Gowns of black canvas grenadine, combined with dark silks, are likely to be very popular the coming summer.

The favorite model for costumes of black iron grenadine is a basque bodice opening over a vest of colored satin, and the skirt opening similarly.

Embroidered nainsook, wool crepon Nun's veiling and White China silk will be the material used for graduation gowns.

With plain, full skirts of soft silk it is customary to wear a petticoat of stiff Victoria lawn, with edging and insertion of lace, which is attached to the dress waist, although mounted on a separate belt.

Russia leather gloves are new. Some of them are in bright reddish tan, which is the natural tint, and all are highly perfumed.

Hammock dresses are being prepared for elegant wear on summer afternoons. They are half fitting, and without cushion or steels, but are graceful, being made with long flowing Greek lines.

The Spanish mantle is an exceptionally stylish mantle and will be worn during the summer with dressy toilets of every description.

Pretty trimmings for summer hats and bonnets consist of straw braids and stripes composed of braided rushes in open work.

There are no more elegant effects in small, close bonnets than those which have been decorated with a butterfly made of a Chantilly barb which stands high on the coronet.

Cleopatra coronets with the asp quite the most conspicuous object, are to be seen in the new models for close bonnets.

One of the prettiest of all the jaunty hats seen this season is that which has no describable shape, but is simply a turned up and bent in affair producing very pretty results of becomingness.

Vests of undressed kid are very stylish for wearing with a cutaway cut.

White duck gaiters will be worn by the tailor-dressed girl this summer with her thin gown.

Small collarettes of piece velvet, shaped to fit the neck, are seen with evening costumes. In some cases they are beaded and fringed with pearls or precious stones.

Odds and Ends.

A FRENCH COOK AND SOUP.

Soups are an important item in a French household, for a dinner is rarely served without, though often the stewpan serves to cook the three courses (soup, meat and vegetables) which compose the meal. Some of these soups may with advantage be used in American houses; they are, as a rule, lighter, simpler, and more economical than our soups, and are not much trouble to prepare.

I assume that every one knows that vegetables must be properly washed or otherwise prepared before being used for coups, so have not given these directions in the following recipes.

When vegetables are cooked in butter first, it is best to let the butter melt in the stewpan, and to put the onions and leeks in before the other vegetables.

By passing vegetables through a sieve, is meant turning a hair sieve upside down, putting the vegetables on it, and working them through with the back of a wooden spoon, moistening with the stock or water from time to time to get them through. Vegetables or grains so passed are called a *puree* of ——.

Bouillon gras (ordinary stock or broth).—Take four pounds of beef—a piece of the neck or shoulder will do, but if the meat is to be served as in France, the better pieces of beef are preferable; a piece of rump, tops of ribs, the chuck rib, or a piece of the top of the round are all good. Of course, a little more in weight must be allowed if there is bone with the meat, and it must be as fresh as possible—meat cannot be too fresh for stock; add a small piece of liver (about two ounces), no veal, some bones pounded for boiling; put in an earthenware stewpan that has been used before (a new one gives a disagreeable flavor to the broth) if you have one, if not in an ordinary stockpot or saucepan, add five or six pints of cold water, let it come to a boil, skim it, add some salt and a little cold water to make the scum rise; skim well, then add an onion stuck with four cloves, a clove of garlic, half a burnt onion, three carrots, half a parsnip, two leeks, two turnips, a small head of celery, a bay leaf, a few whole peppers and a lump of sugar.

These will make a little more scum rise, which must be at once removed; then cover the pot close (if an earthenware one it is best to put a weight on the lid to keep it down,) put the saucepan back on the stove, where it will continue to boil slowly, but take care that it does boil, for broth is never good if it boils and then stops; it should boil four or five hours. Take the fat off, put it aside for frying or dressing vegetables with. Place the beef on a layer of parsley, or surround it with onions lightly fried, or with vegetables cooked separately and cut; strain the broth through a hair sieve; if well made it will be clear and of a pale gold color; it is either eaten as it is, or used as the base of other soups.

NOTE.—For good stock the meat and vegetables must be of good quality, and fresh; the stewpan or stockpot must be kept close shut, and the contents must boil without intermission. By adding the giblets of a turkey to the above ingredients an excellent soup is obtained. Burnt sugar is used for coloring, if burnt onion is not to be had.

Soupe a l'oseillie (sorrel soup).—Put an ounce of butter or a little fat from the top of the stock in a stewpan, throw in a large handful of chopped sorrel, a little chervil chopped separately very finely, and five or six chopped lettuce leaves; cover and let the sorrel soften; stir now and then; when well cooked add about one pint and a half water or stock, or half milk and half water, salt to taste, and simmer for a quarter of an hour. When stock is used no thickening is needed, but if made of water, the soup must be thickened with the yolks of one or two eggs; after the eggs are added the soup must not boil. Put some peppered slices of bread in the tureen, pour the soup over, and serve.

Soupe d'Ete a l'oseille (summer soup with sorrel).—Take a handful of sorrel and a lettuce, cut them up, put them in a stewpan that you have rinsed with cold water, but do not add either water or butter; they contain sufficient moisture to cook themselves, put the stewpan over a slow fire, and stir occasionally until the contents are quite soft. In another stewpan put a pint of green peas, a good teaspoonful of chopped parsley, and a small chopped onion, some salt and two ounces of butter; put over the fire, put on the lid, shake the whole now and then to prevent the vegetables coloring, cook for about fifteen minutes, then if the sorrel is soft, add it to the peas, etc., stir, and add about a quart of stock, milk, or water, put a few pieces of bread and a little pepper in the tureen, and pour the soup over it. If liked the vegetables may be passed through a fine sieve.

Soupe a l'oignon (onion soup).—Skin three large or six small onions, cut them in halves and make many horizontal and perpendicular cuts across them so as to result in a number of little square pieces, which throw into a stewpan with two ounces of butter; put over the fire, turn about with a wooden spoon, put the lid on the stewpan, and leave over a slow fire until the onions begin to color; then sift in a tablespoon of flour, stir for two minutes, and add slowly one quart of boiling water or milk, and some salt; let it boil, draw to the side of the stove, and simmer for half an hour; add a little pepper. Cut some thin pieces of bread; and dry them on the stove while the soup is cooking; put them in the tureen with a little bit of butter on each, dish up the soup, and cover it quickly.

He is an adept in language, who never deviates from the truth.

Confidential Correspondents.

MURRAY HOOKING.—Address "The Scientific American," New York about the electric motors.

S. C. R.—The Dollar Newspaper has now been dead many years. It ceased publication about the end of the late war.

ETHEL G. P.—Send the story if you wish. If good enough we will publish it. The other matter you speak of will be attended to.

W. H. R.—Address Pitman's Phonographic Institute, Cincinnati. We think the Pitman system as Americanized by Benn Pitman, the best.

OLD SUB.—We have not noticed that in the leading hotels any change has been made in the dress of waiters, due to the fact that white vests are becoming fashionable among gentlemen.

E. G. F.—To clean an elastic stocking, scrub well with soap and water, rinse in a pint of water in which a teaspoonful of turpentine has been beaten up, and hang out to dry in the open air or a thorough draught.

NEVER.—If you aim at being a governess, you have a weary life before you. If you care to qualify as a possible secretary, you had better learn shorthand. We advise you however to aim at neither. You seem good enough to aspire to a place in a high-school. The life of a governess in a private family is often deplorable.

B. D.—There are cases in which a separation is advisable; but we have nothing definite about yours. All the laws relating to marriage must gradually recast; but no statesman or party will ever succeed in letting the dread bond be lightly broken. The consequences are too awful to be reckoned. Do not thrust yourself on a man; do not be importunate for signs of affection. It is not very creditable to human nature: but the mere fact that a woman asks to be caressed in any way—as some foolish creatures do—is enough to drive a man's mind into revolt.

S. T. B.—The time at which the sun will rise and set is ascertained by the use of the terrestrial globe. To find at what hours the sun rises and sets at a given place, for any given day, rectify the globe for the latitude of the place; find from the wooden horizon the sun's place in the ecliptic for the given day, and bring it to the meridian. Set the index to 12 (noon), and turn the globe till the sun's place comes to the eastern edge of the horizon, the index will show the hour of rising. Then turn the globe till the sun's place comes to the western edge of the horizon, and the index will show the time of setting.

LAMBERT.—According to experiments made a few years ago, it appears that a man attains his maximum weight toward his fortieth year, and begins to lose it sensibly toward his sixtieth year. A woman, however, does not attain her maximum weight till her fiftieth year. The age at which people attain their maximum weight and the weight itself differ in the various classes of society. It is said that in the affluent classes the average maximum weight is 172 pounds and is attained at 50 years of age. In the artisan class it is 154 pounds attained at 40. Among farmers it is 171 pounds, attained at 60. In the general classes it is 161 pounds, and is reached between 40 and 50 years of age.

C. C. A.—You have quite a wrong notion about crests and coat-of-arms. Wearing such pleasing decorations is merely a matter of money, and a professional herald will find you a crest and a pedigree into the bargain if you can pay for it. Then you pay a yearly tax, and flaunt before an admiring world. How many families now exist whose ancestors came over with Duke William? The oldest families living belong to the peasant or yeoman class; the nobles of England nearly all perished in the wild Wars of the Roses; and some living dignitaries would show some very odd pedigrees if the truth were known. You have gathered romantic views from inaccurate knowledge, and you must review your position as regards the useful science of heraldry.

L. M. M.—The character of Portia in the "Merchant of Venice" has generally been admired by persons witnessing the rendering of that play. They may not, however, be as generally aware that about the date when the Merchant of Venice may be supposed to have exhibited his saberdine on the Rialto there actually existed great female lawyers in the neighboring City of Bologna. Professor Calderina, who held the chair of juris-prudence in that university in 1360, and Professor Novello, who occupied it in 1388 were not only celebrated for their legal lore and skill, but if we may trust their portraits, were exceedingly beautiful women, with noble Greek profiles, dressed in a style which actresses who portray the part of Shakspeare's heroine might copy without disadvantage.

DAISY HOLT.—You certainly are a sprightly young lady; and it is only too clear that your liberties should be somewhat restricted. You are on the road to ruin; and we fear that your vanity will render you obstinate until the crash comes. You take yourself so seriously that we hardly like to think of your probable end. You are planning a most wicked and dangerous scheme which will ruin you and your wretched friend—you are going to cheat a young man into a false marriage; but you quite overlook the fact that your precious friend will be liable to two years' imprisonment. We fear it is useless to make any appeal to your moral sense, for that seems to be wanting; but we can fairly advise you to keep out of prison. We have known many strange beings; but we have never yet met with such a compound of wickedness and folly as is exposed in your letter. You would probably laugh at mere advice. We can only wish that you had a firm guardian who would save you in spite of yourself.

VIOLET.—We are glad that our advice has brought about such delightful results. We are certain that thousands of men are driven from the domestic hearth by the silly importunity of women who wish to have a slave rather than a rational companion. A woman who says, "Where are you going? You don't mean to say that you intend to leave me alone?" takes the shortest way of causing misery. If the man remains, he is sullen and resentful, and a quarrel arises; if he is smilingly dismissed with a pretty farewell, he longs to return home; and the clever woman gains her end without causing any feeling of irritation. As soon as ever a woman presumes to command a man to remain in her company, her influence is gone; she acknowledges that her attractions are insufficient, and she raises a rebellious spirit which culminates in tyranny. If she makes herself charming, as you have done, she remains in delightful and easy command of the whole situation. In short a woman should be a constitutional ruler—a home ruler, if you choose—but not a despot.